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THE trouble about preaching co-operation within the Empire and non-co-operation everywhere else is that the Dominions remain as obstinately non-co-operative as the rest of the world. In the Lords debate on the results of Ottawa Lord De La Warr admitted that the position of the British farmer was worse to-day than it was before the Ottawa Conference, and the best he could say in answer to charges that the Dominions were "dumping" goods on us and not reducing their duties against us was that he hoped that the time would come when "the Dominions might find that it would pay them better to relax the letter of the agreement in order to carry on its spirit." He even hinted that we should have to scrap our part of the bargain if the Dominions did not fulfil theirs. Poor Mr. Thomas in the Commons could only refer to causes (unexplained) which prevented the Dominions observing the spirit of Ottawa. We await the comments of Lord Beaverbrook. He has been very anxious for the World Conference to fail: his present views on the Ottawa Conference which he hailed as so great a success should be interesting.

The Four Power Pact

The signing of the Four Power Pact has been greeted with a good deal of vamped up enthusiasm. For ourselves, we are still of the opinion that this Pact is of no particular value. It is not a "guarantee of peace for ten years." It does not, except in the very vaguest of terms, pledge its signatories to do anything. On the other hand it no longer contains references, as did the original draft, to prickly subjects like treaty revision and equality of armaments; and it requires that the Four Powers in their consultations and in any concerted action shall keep "within the framework of the League of Nations." There seems no danger, therefore, of its upsetting any European applecarts, and on that understanding it has been signed by France and acquiesced in by the Little Entente, who were up in arms against the project when Mussolini first broached it. By the same token it has lost its relish for the Germans, who had looked forward to a profitable hobnobbing with Italy and a re-mapping of the Continent. But the revelation of Nazi designs in Austria has produced a marked change of heart in Rome, and Germany has had to accept the Pact *faute de mieux*. One hope which is being widely voiced is that it may help to improve Franco-Italian relations. We share the hope, though we believe that, if there is any such improvement, it will be attributable less to the Pact than to a common fear of Germany. Is there even a danger, as has been suggested in some quarters, that this fear may make the Four Power Pact a pact of "three against one"?

Saint and Simla

The gathering of leaders of the Indian National Congress (which ranks as an illegal organisation) was tolerated at Poona presumably in the hope that after this month of truce it would definitely abandon civil disobedience. For this course, we are told, all or nearly all the speakers in its debates pleaded; but Mr. Gandhi, keeping silence to

the last, used his personal prestige, and secured a vote for a course which means neither peace nor effective warfare. He sought an interview with the Viceroy, surely knowing that it would be refused, and was authorised to end the struggle only if his negotiations were satisfactory. Lord Willingdon, with the full approval of the Government at home, refused to negotiate with a leader who still maintained his right to resort to "unconstitutional" methods. Such pedantry will make any real peace in India impossible, for neither Mr. Gandhi nor even the more moderate of his adherents can accept in words, after proclaiming India's independence, the official view of constitutional right. On the other hand, it is obvious enough that Congress is tired of a costly and useless effort, and would prefer to organise itself on a lawful basis to contest the elections for the provincial Councils when the Round Table Constitution comes into force. Congress is exhausted, partly because its funds were confiscated, partly because the city crowds were cowed by the *lathis* of the police, and chiefly because few Indians can maintain their families if they must serve long terms of imprisonment. Mr. Gandhi's new plan of campaign is for some form of resistance by one hundred selected martyrs.

The Meerut Scandal

Sir Samuel Hoare is, we believe, wholly mistaken in his inference that the exhaustion of Congress implies any more favourable view of the White Paper. There are limits to mass heroism; but it does not follow that a nation which has lost its faith in the efficacy of unarmed resistance has gained a belief in the goodwill of Parliament. On the contrary the evidence is that even the Moslems and the Hindu moderates are losing such belief as they had. Sir Samuel Hoare's recent statements before the Joint Committee have been followed by agitated protests in Simla from the heads of provincial governments. By making concessions to the Diehards, the Government has now led Indian loyalists to doubt its sincerity even over provincial autonomy. Tuesday's Indian debate was notable chiefly for the appeal from the Labour benches on behalf of the Meerut prisoners, who have already endured four years in gaol, even before they begin to serve their savage sentences. They were charged with nothing that in this country would be a crime, and their only real offence was the conducting of industrial strikes against abominable labour conditions. Only half of them are Communists. The effect of the trial is to make any agitation which can be called Socialist or Communist as dangerous in India under Mr. MacDonald as it is in Germany under Hitler.

Socialist Quarrels in France

The French Socialists are now in a sad mess. Their Congress has carried by a large majority a vote of censure on the Parliamentary group which, under the leadership of M. Renaudel, has given support to M. Daladier's Government. But the Renaudelists refuse to toe the line; they will continue, they announce, to back the Radical policy if they approve of it. Whether this "moral split," as M. Renaudel himself describes it, will presently become an actual split, remains to be seen. The Left wing under M. Léon Blum want unity; but if the Renaudelists are determined to be what in this country we should call "Lib-Labs.," even the fiction of unity will be hard to maintain. Nor is this all. Several of the Right wing members appear to be taking a line which the newspapers dub "Neo-Fascism," opposing a programme of "national action" to the "doctrinaire Marxism" of the Left. But about this we are sceptical. M. Renaudel himself insists that his object in co-operating with the Radicals is to defend the cause of peace and democracy against Fascism, and it is absurd to suppose that he and his friends are bitten with the desire to follow the path of Mussolini and Hitler.

The Nazis and the Jews

Comedy as well as tragedy is provided by the Jew complex of the Nazis. Scarcely had they recovered from their joy over the disproof of the story put about in Austria that Hitler himself was the grandson of a Jewess, when Captain Göring pounced on a German newspaper for printing a similar libel on an eminent Italian. General Balbo, wrote the *Deutsche Zeitung*, is "said to be a baptised Jew," and for this it was suspended for three months and the offending member of its staff was ordered to a concentration camp. No complaint was apparently made of the charge, in the same article, that Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere also were Jews, despite the fact that Lord Rothermere has been throwing bouquets at the Nazi Government! The next day, however, Captain Göring, having given this taste of his quality, was pleased to lift the ban after a humble apology by the editorial staff and the publishers. The *Deutsche Zeitung* (which, by the way, was on the Anti-Semite warpath before Göring and Hitler were born) will now, no doubt, keep to the safer course of venting its spite on German citizens. In that, we fear, it will receive no check from the Nazi dictators. The "discipline" which Hitler demands from his followers does not seem to mean any abatement of the persecution of Jews or other "malignants" in the Nazi State.

Mr. Roosevelt's Plans

The American Industrial Recovery Act has started on its practical career this week, with the new code regulating the cotton industry and providing, *inter alia*, for a substantial rise in wages in the South. General Johnson's warnings seem to have been effective in speeding up the preparation of schemes by other industries; and further draft codes are now in his hands. The draft prepared by the steel industry has already caused a storm; for, while it provides for advances in wages and a shorter working week, it embodies a plan of "company unionism" in opposition to the American Federation of Labour. The trade unions are denouncing this plan as contrary to the principle of free collective bargaining laid down by the Administration; and there is to be a public hearing before the draft code is approved. Meanwhile, there is still no sign of an expansion of consumers' demand in the United States, despite the increased volume of orders from traders; and the President is correspondingly anxious to press on at once with the raising of wages under the Recovery Act, because he realises the danger of a collapse of the speculative boom unless a real increase in demand can be speedily engineered. American business remains optimistic, and prices are still going up. This makes it easier for Mr. Roosevelt to get industries to accept his terms; but he seems not yet to have got round the legal obstacles to the enforcement of a general scheme

of maximum hours and minimum wages, pending the adoption of special codes for their regulation in each industry.

Judges' Salaries

The judges' salaries are again on the *tapis*—though, as we gather from Mr. Baldwin's tart answer to a question in the House, the Government have no intention of restoring the cuts. There is doubtless an important constitutional point involved. This is not, as some appear to think, that Parliament has interfered improperly with the judges. Parliament has the unquestioned right to interfere with anybody; and Parliament did, in fact, fix the salaries of the judges in the Judicature Act of 1873. The complaint is against the Government, who without consulting the judges cut their salaries by Order in Council, and thereby, it is contended, violated the principle of constitution enshrined in the Act of Settlement. But whilst the legal issue may agitate lawyers and historians, the moral issue—whether or no judges of the High Court ought, like many other public servants, to have their pay reduced—is quite another matter. We are asked to believe that £5,000 a year is parsimonious pay for a judge in view of the "onerous duties" imposed on him by "the dignity of his exalted office." And we are reminded that the majority have sacrificed a large income at the Bar in order to go on to the Bench. Whether that be true or not, to call the sacrifice "patriotic" is bunkum. Judges are human, and have no more relish for reduced salaries than the rest of us. But they are not the only—or even the worst—sufferers from public economy, and their case cannot decently be defended by such arguments.

Oil from Coal

The search for a means of producing motor-spirit from coal on a commercial basis has been prolonged; but now an experiment is to be made by Imperial Chemical Industries, with a plant estimated to yield an initial output of 100,000 tons of petrol a year, and to employ directly 2,500 miners and other workers, apart from the labour involved in its construction. This sounds good as a first instalment; but it has to be remembered that the cost of producing petrol from coal remains very much greater than the cost of buying petrol from abroad, and that the commercial success of the proposed plant is made possible only by the existence of a high duty on imported oils and the absence of an equivalent excise. In other words, every ton of petrol produced from coal will involve a fall in the yield of the petrol tax, which the taxpayers will have to make good in some other way. This is as much a subsidy to the petrol-producer as if I.C.I. were being given a sum directly out of the Exchequer; and, while this may be worth doing in the interests of the coal industry—a moot point—we ought at all events to do it with our eyes open. For, in order to do it at all, we shall have to guarantee the maintenance of the duty on imported petrol at a high level for a period of years.

More Trouble in the Cotton Trade

When the cotton industry fixed up its new agreements a few months ago, including the limited acceptance of the "more looms" system, it was hoped that its troubles had been settled, at least for the time. But now the operatives complain that, whereas employers have lost no time in availing themselves of the permission to work the "more looms" system, there has been widespread evasion of the safeguards embodied in the agreement. This has led the weavers to demand that the agreement shall be made legally enforceable, in face of the failure of the employers to secure general respect for it on a voluntary basis. The employers are anxious to get it extended for further processes, but the operatives refuse to discuss this until some action has been taken to remedy present abuses. Of course, the question of making trade agreements enforceable is by no means new. The system worked during the war, and various industries have pressed for its reintroduction since. It simplifies the Trade Unions' job and removes a serious danger of unfair competition by non-federated firms. It also tends to make the Unions less independent bargaining bodies than a part of the State machinery for the enforcement of a minimum wage.

Decontrolling Rents

A new Rent Restrictions Act came into force this week. Its effect is to remove control at once in the case of about half a million houses, to make another million and a quarter subject to decontrol on a change of tenancy, and to render it a good deal easier than before for a landlord to regain possession of his property, and thus remove it from the scope of the Act. Under the new conditions only the smallest houses, of which there is the most pronounced shortage, remain subject to control; and a large proportion of the conditionally decontrolled dwellings are likely to escape in practice. There would be much to be said for this if the housing shortage had really been overcome. But everyone knows that it has not; for the smaller types it is as bad as ever. In these circumstances it would be possible to justify decontrol only if it would stimulate additional building of the required types of dwelling. But no one seriously supposes that it will have this effect. In short, the new Rents Act is of a piece with the rest of the Minister of Health's policy. It is a reactionary measure calculated to inflict hardship without any economic justification or even plausible excuse beyond the profit-makers' dislike of all forms of control which operate in the interests of the consuming public.

Another Means Test Economy

The mills of economy grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small. A discovery has been made, apparently within the last few weeks, that a number of people with no income at all pay less than 5*s*. a week in rent. You or I might consider this—in London at least—a bit of luck for a few poor families. But the Ministry of Labour takes a sterner view. It has been the practice hitherto for Means Test applicants who have no source of income to be given the maximum transitional payment without further question. This scandal must now cease. The Ministry holds that a rent of 5*s*. is allowed for in the determination of the Public Assistance Committee, and accordingly anyone paying less than 5*s*. in rent must have every penny of the difference between 5*s*. and his actual rent docked from his transitional payment. Thus, a man with a wife and a child, and a rent of 4*s*. 6*d*. a week, has up to now had 25*s*. 3*d*. in transitional payment; in future he will get only 24*s*. 9*d*., since his rent is 6*d*. below the standard. We congratulate Whitehall on its zeal for promoting equality among the poor and saving coppers for the State.

DOUBLE SHUFFLE

MR. MACDONALD.—"An estimate has been made and the figures have been supplied to me. It will mean that about 7,000 men will be directly employed and a slightly less number indirectly. This particular plant which we have in mind will be capable of producing about 100,000 tons of petrol, or roughly 30,000,000 gallons, a year, and will consume 350,000 tons of coal a year, giving employment to more than 1,000 miners, in addition to the employment in connection with the plant."—*Times* Parliamentary Report, July 18th, column 4.

MR. MACDONALD.—"As regards public works in this country the policy of His Majesty's Government is in no way altered. They are providing, or assisting to provide, finance for schemes of a remunerative or necessary character, *e.g.*, slum clearance. But during the past ten years a very large amount of capital expenditure has been incurred on public works of all kinds with disappointing results, and the scope for useful schemes is now comparatively limited."—*Times* Parliamentary Report, same date, next column.

"We have terminated our schemes for dealing with the unemployed by way of capital expenditure works, and we shall not reopen these schemes, no matter what may be done elsewhere."—MR. RUNCIMAN, at the World Economic Conference.

"Enterprise must be stimulated by creating conditions favourable to business recovery, and Governments can contribute by the development of appropriate programmes of capital expenditure." MR. MACDONALD and PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, Joint Statement of April 26th.

IT is all very remarkable. And it is also all very like Mr. MacDonald. In April our great Prime Minister, away in Washington, committed himself to the desirability of an "appropriate programme" of capital expenditure by the Government for the stimulation of industrial recovery. Back in London, he soon got over the intoxicating effects of his conversations with the American President. Reference to public works was noticeably absent from his report to the House of Commons on his sayings and doings abroad, and there was no sign that any "appropriate programme" was actually being prepared. Then last week Mr. Runciman made, presumably on behalf of the Government, his extraordinary speech at the World Economic Conference, in which he not only refused one atom of help for any international scheme designed to promote a revival of activity among our potential customers but also proclaimed categorically that Great Britain had renounced public works schemes utterly and for ever, and would remain completely uninterested in anything that other countries might say or do about them.

This speech naturally created a storm; for there is a strong body of opinion in this country which holds that the "public economy" business has been grossly overdone, at any rate in relation to capital expenditure. It wants to see us making a real effort to stimulate economic activity here and to help President Roosevelt to succeed in what he is trying to do in America, on an infinitely larger scale than anyone expects us to attempt. Accordingly Mr. MacDonald had to "explain" Mr. Runciman; and he did this with his customary lucidity, so that no one quite knew when he sat down whether he was explaining his colleague or explaining him away. Appropriate schemes? Certainly. Are we not clearing the slums? We shall not reopen these schemes? Of course not. Have they not been grossly disappointing in the amount of work they have provided? Besides, there is naturally little scope for them now; for we have done all we need.

Unfortunately for Mr. MacDonald, it fell to his lot on the same day to explain not only Mr. Runciman but also the scheme for producing petrol from coal at a new plant which I.C.I. is prepared to erect on condition that it gets a virtual subsidy in the form of maintaining the duty on imported petrol without a corresponding excise. Thus it happened that Mr. MacDonald, in column 5 of the *Times* Parliamentary Report, had to explain how "disappointing" public works are in the amount of employment which they provide, whereas in column 4 of the same page we find him waxing lyrical over the vast amounts of direct and indirect employment which will arise out of the erection of the new plant.

Strange, that money spent by a public body should employ so few, and money spent by I.C.I. so many! Strange, that there should be so little scope for useful capital expenditure, when so many people are in need of goods and so many workers unemployed. Strange, too, that Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Runciman did not stamp promptly on the desire of I.C.I. to provide useful work with the assistance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at a time when there is so little scope for useful works of development.

Apparently, it makes all the difference that, in the I.C.I. case, the work is to be done with private capital and for private profit. It even affects, to a quite remarkable extent, the official estimates of the amount of work that a given capital expenditure will provide. According to Mr. Runciman's estimate at the World Economic Conference, the two and a half millions which is to be the all-in cost of the new oil from coal plant could not employ at the outside more than 10,000 men, while Mr. MacDonald's estimate looked to be nearer 14,000. Subsequently published figures make the right number about 12,000.

In reality, however, these estimates are largely beside the point. The value of schemes of public expenditure at such times as these lies far less in the amount of employment which they provide directly to those who work on them or for the firms which supply materials and transport than in their indirect efforts in setting a larger volume of purchasing power circulating from hand to hand among the consumers of goods and services. £100,000,000 sounds a substantial sum to have spent on public works, without much visible impression on the volume of unemployment. But what does it amount to in reality? £10,000,000 a year—for it has been spread over a decade—including the cost of a great deal of work that would have been done in any case, even if there had been no unemployment problem. The £100,000,000, when account has been taken of these points, becomes a driblet, especially if it is remembered that we have spent more in a single year on keeping men in idleness than we have spent in ten years on setting them to work.

The plain truth of the matter is that the policy of public works to combat unemployment never has been tried, either nationally or internationally. For such sums as have been spent in this way have not been spent as part of a co-ordinated plan of recovery, accompanied by the appropriate degree of monetary reflation and by an organised effort to bring prices back to a satisfactory level. The policy of public works is a sound policy only if it is conceived in this way, as an element in a wider policy which must include the appropriate monetary

measures. Mr. Roosevelt does so conceive it, and is making such speed as he can to put it into effect. We, instead of helping him, are practising "economy" in a world starved by under-consumption, are trying to raise prices by restricting production instead of increasing demand, and are piling up gold instead of trying to increase the rate of investment. In fact, we are obstructing the starting of public works schemes in Europe as well as at home, and even preventing overseas investment of capital, though at the same time we refuse to provide any outlet for it in this country.

Mr. MacDonald attempted to suggest that Mr. Runciman was rejecting not public works in general but only the scheme sponsored by the I.L.O. for starting them on an international scale—in Eastern Europe, he would have us believe. But in fact the I.L.O. scheme was in no way limited to Eastern Europe; it applied equally to Great Britain and, indeed, to every country. Moreover, Mr. Runciman, so far from limiting his strictures to Eastern Europe or to the I.L.O. plan, plainly and violently excommunicated once and for all the entire public works policy, especially for this country. Mr. MacDonald was thus doubly wrong about his facts, as well as distinctly unhappy in his attempt to reconcile his own statement at Washington with the policy of his Government.

There is, alas, no doubt that Mr. Runciman quite correctly represented the real mind of the Government. We believe him to be, economically, wrong and quite disastrously wrong; and in this the great mass of informed opinion in the country, and probably of the entire electorate, is with us and not with him. In normal times, a Government which made such an exhibition of itself as ours has made over this affair would be driven by ridicule to recant or resign. But to-day parliamentary methods are actually in abeyance; the Government can be as foolish as it likes without paying the penalty. That is left to the public, while Mr. MacDonald continues, in the grand manner, to wear his fool's cap as if it were a halo.

TRUCE IN GERMANY?

[From a Correspondent lately in Berlin]

GERMANY is still throbbing with the excitement of the Nazis' latest offensive; this had been heralded a month ago by violent demands from Dr. Goebbels and other extremists, and has just been ostentatiously ended by the agreements with the Churches and an *ad hoc* series of official speeches.

During the first half of June the Storm Troopers, flushed with old victories and confidently hungering for new ones, could point to the remnants of the former political parties—unlaid ghosts of the Weimar Republic. That the old parties should now have been, like some of the prisoners in the concentration camps, compelled to commit suicide in order to complete the "totalitarian" State was almost a foregone conclusion. The totalitarian ambition involved the Nazi State not against Jews and Communists, who are in some ways as collectivist as the Nazis themselves, but against more apt defenders of Weimarism, and so created a situation of peculiar interest. The second line of defence proved harder to assault. Only when the smoke of propaganda has cleared away will it be possible to say who has been the victor in this new battle.

For German individualism was religiously, rather than politically, alive. Even Catholicism in Germany was politically liberal—true spiritual subjection to the hierarchy must, the Catholics held, be conditioned by political liberty. Their position, however, was perilously compromised by the quarrel with Catholic Austria. For the Bavarian branch of the Centre Party could be attacked as intriguing with Dollfuss, whose supporters often contemplate the rescue of Bavaria from Hitlerism. The suspicion of separatism was enough to implicate the Centre as a whole, and the Party's dissolution has been confirmed by Papen's Concordat with the Vatican. Here the question of Austria comes in again, for it has been suggested that the Pope may have sacrificed Dr. Brüning to save Dr. Dollfuss, may, that is to say, have extracted a promise that Germany should cease her anti-Austrian campaign. It is difficult to believe that the Vatican is so ill-informed as to accept a guarantee of this kind, for it is every day clearer that Nazi promises mean nothing. Sometimes this is due to the strange division of command which survives even in the totalitarian State, but often subordinates are definitely encouraged to be insubordinate. The campaign against Austria is officially denied in Berlin, yet the activities of Habicht are facilitated, while the Bavarian Minister, Wagner, took a conspicuous part in the frontier demonstrations last week-end, whilst a fortnight earlier Herr Hitler himself had welcomed the Salzburg Storm Troopers at Reichenhall. With the dissolution of the Centre on July 5th the last of the old parties vanished. The ghastly fracas in Köpenick on June 21st which resulted, among other things, in the peculiarly horrible murder of Stelling by the Nazis, had provided an excuse for the final disappearance of the Social Democrats, while the Nationalists, and the little "splinter-parties," had been easily swept away.

Meanwhile a real stand against Hitlerism had come from the Protestant or Evangelical Churches of Germany. While the Nazi Government proposed merely to centralise Protestant organisation there was general approval, and the election of Bodelschwingh as Primate gave wide satisfaction. It was disliked, however, by the new faction of German Christians, whose leader, the chaplain Müller, through a chance acquaintanceship with Herr Hitler, was empowered to act as the Chancellor's counsellor in religious matters. The German Christians claimed to represent the Nazi movement in its religious aspect, and official propaganda reinforced their claim. But, in fact, there can be little doubt that they remain a minority in the Church; it is important to realise that the Nazis themselves are divided on the religious question; though they accept the political dictation of Herr Hitler, there are many who still wish to render unto God what is God's. The German Christians, on the contrary, are eager for an identification of allegiance to Church and State; this involves the appointment of Church officials by Hitler in the place of election from below. For the German Christians accuse the older Protestants of "ecclesiastical parliamentarism"; to this terrible indictment, it is interesting to observe, the others reply that to adopt the Nazi principle of leadership (*Führer Prinzip*) would be no better than Popery. The German Christians further demand that baptised "Jews" (*i.e.*, people with at least one Jewish grandparent) shall be disowned as much *quâ* members of the Church as of the State; that the Church shall condemn pacifism and condone Storm Troop crimes, and that the Old Testament shall be, so to speak, Aryanised.

When the Government proceeded to identify itself with these views in an anti-Bodelschwingh pro-Müller drive, widespread indignation was aroused. Perhaps its best definition came from the pen of Karl Barth, the famous theologian at Bonn, whose *Theologische Existenz Heute*, dated June 25th, soon appeared; membership of the Church, he declared, could have nothing to do with blood or race. Meanwhile Bodelschwingh had been compelled to withdraw, Nazi Church Commissioners were appointed, and all criticism was forbidden. The situation reached a climax on Sunday, July 2nd, chosen by the old Church authorities to be a day of penance and prayer, to which the Government replied by demanding flags and rejoicing. From the isolated accounts of eye-witnesses it appears that the congregations in many cases made it quite clear that they honoured the first decree and not the second,

while many pastors were arrested for their declarations. Herr Hitler seems now to have realised that for the time being he had bitten off more than he could swallow, and a compromise was arranged by the constitution agreed to on July 11th for the united Evangelical Church. The press was hard put to it to explain away the retention of elective methods and the omission of an "Aryan-paragraph." The Protestant opposition feels to some extent reassured, although one of its finest leaders, Dibelius, remains "on leave," and Hossenfelder, its worst enemy, continues at his post. A primate has yet to be elected, but it appears that Chaplain Müller has been losing the Chancellor's confidence. The extreme Nazis can console themselves with a significant declaration that State frontiers are not Church frontiers; German churches beyond Germany are to be incorporated in the new Evangelical Church, where the German race, if it cannot be assured of purity, will still find the unity it is politically denied. This claim, like the claims of Tsarist Russia in the Balkans, may prove to be a convenient weapon of aggression.

The struggles of this month and last have left a profound dissatisfaction in the air. Many Storm Troops hoped for the Second Revolution which Herr Hitler has emphatically vetoed, not only in his speeches, but also in the appointment of Herr Schmitt to be Minister of Economic Affairs, and in the disgrace of Dr. Wagener and his friends. In the towns the shopkeepers, who were often the earliest Nazis, are complaining that they have no custom, while the workers—apart from the unshaken Communists—are not unfriendly to the new regime. In the country the big landowners feel reassured by ministerial declarations, and the peasants are pleased with the rise in the price of butter, and with the tributes to peasant virtues which are thundered from Nazi platforms. But even in the country applause seems half-hearted, especially since Darré, the new Minister of Agriculture, who came in as the champion of still lower rates of interest on peasants' loans, has been compelled to recant. It is amusing to notice how often in answer to an indiscreet question, one hears the Bavarian doggerel:

Lieber Gott, mach mich stumm,
Dass ich nicht nach Dachau kumm.

("Dear God, make me dumb to keep me out of Dachau"—the concentration camp.)

Despite all the fulminations of the Ministry of Propaganda, Dr. Goebbels is now known as Wotan's Mickey-mouse—industrialists are wretched. One hears that the Saxon textiles are at a standstill, and that shipping has been ruined by the boycott. Trade returns for June are gloomy, and the budget has been "balanced" by anticipation. To cling to Schacht, the mark, and property, makes conventional bankruptcy seem imminent; but is there any real alternative other than the Second Revolution?

To this question many Nazis answer "yes." They contemplate an isolation within which Germany will become dis-industrialised—an inversion of the Russian plan. Her town-workers will be drafted on to the land as members of the now compulsory Labour Service Corps, while machinery may fall into disgrace and disrepair. That is altogether consistent with Nazi ideology, and the new authorities show the greatest energy in pushing in this direction. The drafting of law students into camp on the eve of their examinations, the plans for students during the Summer, and the whole employment scheme, are all part of the process of building up the new Sparta. For the militarist part of the business is unmistakable, however much it is denied; long hours of purely military training form an essential portion of each day. I was told a long story, the other day—to prove the innocence of Nazi drill—about a Storm Troop leader who foreswore false teeth in order to buy his men a papier maché machine-gun. The narrator deduced that a nation whose machine-guns were of such fragility must be fundamentally peaceful; no other interpretation seemed to occur to him. I preferred the honesty of an old Junker who turned to me at the end of a Storm Troop ceremony in the country and remarked: "It was really delightfully military, wasn't it?"

A LONDON DIARY

MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON'S twopenny pamphlet *Labour's Foreign Policy* is a clearly reasoned and energetic piece of work, whose chief object is to prove that the failures of the League are not the fault of the League as an institution, but of Governments which do not carry out their obligations. The point is worth making once again, because people still talk and write as if the League were a muddle-headed old busybody butting into our affairs instead of a combination of our Government, the French, the German, and the rest. Mr. Henderson goes on to outline the policy that could be adopted by a Labour or any other Government which wanted to make the League a success. Amongst other suggestions he favours an Act of Parliament which would incorporate the various international obligations incurred by this country. This would be more than "another gesture." The general public is as ignorant of our international obligations to-day as it was in 1914. How many people could tell you what are our obligations under Locarno, the Kellogg Pact and the Covenant? How many realise our promise to restrain aggression? To state these treaty obligations in an Act of Parliament would immensely clarify the position. How much it needs clarifying anyone who has followed the valuable correspondence on "Wars against the Covenant" in the *Manchester Guardian* will know. This correspondence arose out of the decision of the League of Nations Union to pass a resolution stating that individuals would be justified in refusing to obey a call to arms by their Government if it was making war in contravention of the Covenant. Sophistries of every description have been advanced to support the Union's attitude. But most candid readers will find the issue quite simple: does one's duty to obey the State come before one's duty not to fight a national war? During the last war the conscientious objector had no law except his own interpretation of the "moral law" to appeal to. He had to say, as the martyrs and revolutionaries of the past have said, that he must "obey God rather than man." To-day his position is easier because the moral obligation not to make war has been embodied in public declarations like the Kellogg Pact. The out-and-out conscientious objector should be supported in a future war by everyone who believes in international law, by everyone, that is, who does not accept the doctrine "my country right or wrong." And many people who do not think "Treaties" their business would understand the meaning of an Act of Parliament.

* * *

The doctrine that the law is not created by the sovereign, but springs from an idea of justice inbred in the common man, was used by Coke to defend the liberty of the subject against Stuart despotism. It is odd to find it revived in Hitler's Germany to justify the transformation of the Courts into the instruments of a particular party. Thus after a tour of inspection in Silesia Dr. Kerll, the Prussian Minister of Justice, told an audience (oddly consisting of judges, clerks and charwomen) that "in the administration of justice it is not the letter of the law that matters, for eternal objective justice dwells within us and is born within the people." A judge, he added, had no right to indulge in the false pride of keeping aloof from popular sentiment. Thereupon the newly appointed President of the Court, perhaps thinking it wise to make his Nazi orthodoxy quite plain, hammered home the meaning of the justice he was to administer by saying that it was not the function of the judge to interpret the law so strictly that even the pacifist and the Marxist got justice; the judge, he declared, must strive to achieve the mentality of the entire populace of the totalitarian state, *i.e.*, the mentality of the front line. It is well to have set down in plain terms what all students of current affairs in Germany know to be the common practice.

* * *

The amount of editorial and official support gathered for the Advertising Exhibition at Olympia is a sufficient tribute

to the efficiency of its organisers in their own art. No show was ever better advertised at less expense. Nor does the Exhibition itself disappoint; as a display of the mechanics of advertising and printing, design and layout, commercial art and photography, etc., it is nearly as good as its editorial and official advertisers have declared it to be. I doubt if the thing could be done better. But I want to make a suggestion. Could not we have another Advertising Exhibition which would let the public into the secrets of the psychology and the finance of the business? The two things are intimately connected. Could we not be told which advertisements have been a success and what the return on them has been and why, in the opinion of the experts, this has been a triumph and that a flop? Of what elements and in what proportion is the successful advert. composed? When does argued persuasion pay better than the appeal to an unconscious response? What part is played respectively by beauty, humour, sentiment, flattery, truth?

* * *

A "carrot," as everyone knows, is a term given to the items that adorn the end of this weekly diary. How many people remember the origin of the phrase? It was first used on September 3rd, 1932, when this paper offered Brigadier-General Lushington, the chairman of the Aldershot Bench, "a bunch of carrots" for some very odd remarks made to a hatless lady who appeared as a witness before him. Since then, by a natural transference, the word has been applied to the prize-winning remark instead of to the prize itself. I am reminded of this because I see that once again a hatless woman has appeared before Brigadier-General Lushington at Aldershot and been rebuked by him in the following terms:

> You are invoking God's name to what you are going to say, and calling upon him to witness that you are going to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Do you consider you have invoked it with due respect to God without a hat?

Is the General trying to make this triumph an annual event?

* * *

The following notice was seen the other day displayed outside a London church:

> Petrol is a useful spirit, but in the Holy Spirit of God alone there is life.

* * *

> Senator MacGillycuddy, of the Reeks, speaking on the second reading, said that no woman should be given a vote before she had attained 30 years of age and had borne two children, and known the responsibility of feeding them—*Times* (report of debate on Local Government (Extension of Franchise) Bill in Irish Free State Senate).

* * *

> So many things went wrong after the war; fashion was shaken to its foundations . . .—*Vogue*.

* * *

> Humanity is coming of age with great and sore pain, and in the travail of our whole world. It is time, therefore, to understand the flesh of truth and not only to believe in its milk. Gnosis, the actual science, the true philosophy, is the cognisance and technology worthy of us and able to lead us out of chaos.—M. M. Cosmoi, in *New Britain*.

* * *

> It was a match which thousands of golfing enthusiasts would have given years of their lives to witness, yet only four people followed the complete game.—Newspaper account of the match between the Prince of Wales and Mr. George Lambert.

* * *

> Legally, we know, tithe is a rent . . . Tithe, however, is more—it is God's share. Tithe agitation is only an attempt to rob God and an example of practical atheism.—From a letter in the *Western Morning News*.

* * *

> The mystery which has surrounded the death of Capt. Georges Guynemer, France's air hero of the war, has now been solved. Guynemer in little more than two years brought down 53 German aeroplanes. Mr. Rudyard Kipling referred to him as "the patron saint of the clouds."—Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*.

* * *

> Our inbred evasion of big words.—Mr. J. L. Garvin in the *Observer*.

CRITIC

ETHERIAL PROBLEMS

WHEN Sir Ambrose Fleming began to try to find out why the bulb of an incandescent electric lamp becomes blackened on the inside, he could hardly have guessed that he was starting a train of events leading to what has proved to be one of the greatest of social revolutions. For broadcasting, as we know it to-day, *is* a social revolution, and broadcasting owes its existence to the thermionic valve, which owes its existence to Sir Ambrose Fleming's curiosity about the blackening of lamps*. Civilisation or barbarism—the terms are of course to-day synonymous—has always been an unending House that Jack Built, and it does not much matter whether you begin with a boy and a kettle and end with a steam engine or begin with a smudge of black on a lamp and end with Sir John Reith. Not that we can really end with Sir John Reith, however we may wish to do so, for there is necessarily always a further term in this unending House that Jack Built, and one of the most interesting of etherial problems is what is going to be the next step in the evolution of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

The style of the preceding paragraph is, it will be noted, peculiar, and is due in part to the effect of reading some books on broadcasting, notably *Shall I Listen*, by Filson Young (Constable, 7*s.* 6*d.*). People who write about broadcasting are almost always either acrimonious or sanctimonious, and both states of mind are highly infectious. Indeed, it is extremely difficult to contemplate the B.B.C. or even to open the *Radio Times* without feeling either acutely irritated or portentously solemn. The staff of the B.B.C., particularly those in charge of programmes, have obviously become aware of the dangerous dominance of these two psychological states of mind and have seen that they must choose between the Scylla of bad temper and the Charybdis of solemnity. They have quite rightly chosen Charybdis—a slightly etherialised Charybdis, for the dominant note in the B.B.C., in its programmes, in the tones of its announcers' voices, in its music, and its talks, is cheerful uplift. The only other place where this remarkable note can be heard to such perfection is in the conversation of that most English of all Dickens's characters, Mr. Pecksniff: "My friends, let us improve our minds by mutual inquiry and discussion. Let us be moral. Let us contemplate existence. Where is Jinkins?"—a quotation which would have been much more appropriate to adorn the hall of Broadcasting House in Langham Place than the long Latin inscription which has been chosen. Cheerful uplift is a purely Anglo-Saxon invention and cannot be translated into the language of Cicero or Martial.

Uplift and the modern instinct for dictatorship are the two great etherial problems at the moment when one contemplates the next step in the evolution of British broadcasting. The B.B.C. has reached a very important stage in its development. It has established itself; it is safe; it is successful; it is extremely powerful. But it is now on a ledge, a broad and safe ledge, no doubt, from which there is little chance of its falling off; but the question now is whether it will ever have the strength and the courage to try to get up a little higher. All the books which I read about wireless give the highest praise to the B.B.C.—for instance, Mr. Vyvyan says that "it has become a model to other countries of how a broadcasting organisation should be conducted." The praise is unquestionably deserved, provided that it is not made too absolute. We have a broadcasting service which in many respects might be a model to other countries. Technically it is extremely efficient. It is an admirable example of the superiority of socialisation to private enterprise. It has escaped the devastating effect which broadcasting has suffered from in some other countries where it has been commercialised or allowed to make part of its revenue out of advertisements. Finally, it has among its staff men and women conscious of the immense

*See *Wireless Over 30 Years*, by R. N. VYVYAN (Routledge, 8*s.* 6*d.*), an interesting book recently published, which provides the layman with a very clear account of the invention and development of wireless.

potentialities in broadcasting both for barbarism and civilisation and imbued with the best traditions of apostleship and the British Civil Service.

But these very merits have their dangers for the B.B.C., sitting on its safe ledge and contemplating the etherial problems of the next stage. There is the obvious danger of an intellectual, aesthetic, and moral, not to say political, dictatorship. The B.B.C. has developed two sides of its activities, which may be described summarily as entertainment and cultural. Entertainment stretches from Dance Music, Variety, and the Programmes of "Light Music" at one end down to a Bach Cantata or a late quartet of Beethoven (if ever played) at the other; "culture" from the News and "New Books" at one end through talks on agriculture and lessons in Spanish up to a talk by Mrs. Sidney Webb or Professor Arnold Toynbee at the other. The danger of a dictatorship is imminent in both branches of the B.B.C.'s activities, not the crude sort of Herr Hitler or Signor Mussolini, of course—we would order the matter better in the land of Mr. Pecksniff—but a much more subtle variety which would conceal the iron of authority in the velvet glove of—shall we say—uplift. The foundation of dictatorship is absolute truth, a conviction that you are the depository of absolute truth with the divine authority to impose it upon other people. That is the danger besetting the directors of the B.B.C. and those who frame its programmes. They are perfectly right to believe that they know the truth, but it is essential, if they are not to establish a dictatorship, that they should sometimes act on the assumption that they may be wrong. Let us consider a few examples. On Saturday, June 24th, sixty-two pieces of music were played during the day on the Daventry and London Regional waves, taking in all about six hours to play. There was not one single piece played which was not "light" music and only two items, by Scarlatti and Chopin (on the piano and taking about ten minutes to play), which could possibly be called "good" music. This is by no means an unusual musical programme for Saturdays and indeed a good many other days. It is clear that those who arrange the musical programmes have made up their minds either (1) that on certain days no "serious" music must be played, or (2) that there are a large number of listeners who become irritated if any "serious" music is played, or (3) that there are no listeners who are entertained by serious music on Saturdays (and a good many other days). Now they may be quite right in these assumptions and I may be quite wrong in believing that I like serious music even on Saturdays, and that quite a large number of listeners would be entertained if, say, at least half an hour out of the six were given every day to "serious" music. But the point is that if the B.B.C. does not act on the assumption that I may be right they will establish a musical dictatorship, a dictatorship of people who will only allow "light" music to be broadcast and eliminate all "serious" music (except religious, of course) from the programmes—a process which seems indeed to have begun already.

This is an example of aesthetic dictatorship, a variety which is common but rarely considered; the dangers of political, moral, and intellectual dictatorship are just as imminent. The dictator thinks that he knows absolutely what you and I ought to want to do, think, feel, say, and believe, and he imposes his ban upon our doing, thinking, feeling, saying, or believing anything except what has received his imprimatur. Dictatorship in broadcasting is to be detected not by what the B.B.C. includes, but by what it excludes from its programmes. I have no patience with the people, therefore, who complain about what the programmes contain—they ought to contain everything. It is perfectly right that the programmes should contain an immense amount of Edward German, Finck, Lehar, Pepper, Youmans, and Jazz; it is wrong that classical music which is not "light," "tuneful," or religious should be excluded. So with opinion and "educational" talks; it is right that there should be an immense amount of flapdoodle and Pecksniffian moralising and genteel flagwaving and bourgeois snobbery and political and religious propaganda for "things as they are"; it is wrong that nothing should be allowed to slip through the etherial meshes of the microphone which does not commend itself as "true" or "safe" or "proper" to the guardians of the microphone. It is absolutely wrong, for instance, that Mr. Churchill should not broadcast his views on India and it is equally wrong that the Communist and extreme pacifist should not broadcast his. It is right that the capitalists should have so many innings; it is wrong that the co-operator should have none. It is right that the Roman Catholic, the Anglican, and the many sects of Nonconformity should continually have their say; it is wrong that atheism and agnosticism should be placed upon the etherial Index.

I said above that the two great problems with regard to the future of the B.B.C. are dictatorship and uplift. They are, however, intimately connected. A moral, intellectual, and aesthetic dictatorship in England would inevitably work through uplift. The English dictator would never talk like Hitler or Mussolini; there would be no proscriptions; and people sent to gaol or hanged would be sentenced or hanged according to Magna Carta and the immemorial rights of British subjects under the British Constitution. No, the English dictator would say—over the wireless—"My friends, let us improve our minds by mutual inquiry and discussion. Let us be moral. Let us contemplate existence. Up Jenkins!" And then we should find that we could not improve our minds by hearing about the co-operative movement or communism or atheism or agnosticism or the Labour Party or democracy or the works of Mr. D. H. Lawrence or any of those terrible modern writers who are not "moral." And that is why the democratic listener hears with some misgiving this perpetual note of cheerful uplift issuing from his loud speaker—in the voice of the announcers, the Children's Hour, the talk on economics, the sporting commentators, the Royal Air Force Display commentator, the "light" classical concert, the Week's Good Cause, the Service on Sunday, the Daily Service, the Short Mid-Week Service, the Epilogue, the Readings, and indeed almost every "turn" except the Buggins family. One remembers that Mr. Pecksniff, on one occasion, remarked, "with indignant jocularity," that in certain cases he would be found to be "an Ugly Customer." LEONARD WOOLF

A TACTLESS TRUTH

We can do nothing but harm to the Russian peasant by boycotting Russia.—NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, *July 15th*, 1933.

WHAT want of tact! The Soviet State—
A dim, impersonal abstraction—
Is something simple folk can hate
With patriotic satisfaction.
Why spoil their fun then? Why reveal
That boycotts of offending nations
Doom other simple folk to feel
The pinch of personal privations?

Reflect, in all this world's affairs
(King Louis said it; Hitler knows it),
The State alone deserves our cares
And not the people who compose it.
When honour bids him draw the sword,
Or national interests, or vanity,
What patriot statesman can afford
To count the cost to poor humanity?

Why, even those superior souls
Whose stubborn disagreement ranges
O'er quotas, currency controls,
Gold, tariffs, prices, and exchanges,
Might feel a twinge could they be led
To think in terms (strange innovation!)
Of harassed human lives instead
Of economic demonstration.

MACFLECKNOE

LIGHT ON THE BOURGEOISIE

I HAVE been reading the translation of the official verbatim report of the Moscow trial, and I confess that, as a member of the bourgeoisie, I read certain passages in the speeches of the lawyers with a sense of shame. The exposure of the rottenness of our class is, of course, an old story; but never is it repeated authoritatively in public without causing a fresh twinge. In England it has hitherto been regarded as a compliment, or at least not as an insult, if you call a man a gentleman: in Russia, where they know better, it is as dangerous to call a man a gentleman as to call him a liar or any other sort of blackguard. There, indeed, it is realised that nearly everybody belonging to the classes once called respectable is hopelessly corrupt. There is always the money taint. Even if the respectable man has no money himself he is probably related to somebody who once had some. In this way corruption gets into the blood. Take Lobanov, one of the Moscow prisoners, for example. This is what the Public Prosecutor said of him: "Of course he is a corrupt type. . . . It seems to me that he is the embodiment of all the peculiar features of the class of which he is a representative, of the class that is already morally corrupt, that has morally exhausted itself. His father was a factory owner, his brother rented a flour-mill; that is his genealogy, which defines his moral fulcrum. We know these fulcrums, we know these morals. They are embodied in Lobanov."

It is no wonder that an eminent English K.C. recently expressed the opinion that Russian justice is on the whole the best in the world. It is the best largely because the Russians are the first nation to realise the importance of family history in estimating the guilt of accused persons. Even the Russians have not yet gone quite far enough in applying their great discovery. They still occupy the time of the court with a great deal of what seems to me irrelevant evidence.

In the courts of the future, I hope, when a man is accused of a crime, it will be enough for the prosecuting counsel to point out that his brother rented a flour-mill in order to obtain a conviction. How much time English juries would have been saved if evidence of this kind had been accepted as proof of guilt. On several occasions in recent years we have seen old public schoolboys in the dock, and, instead of pointing out that they were old public schoolboys and therefore guilty, the prosecution has called all manner of tedious evidence to prove the obvious. For my part, I should like in such cases to see the counsel for the prosecution calling no evidence at all apart from the school and university career of the accused. What speech for the prosecution could be more damning than a speech consisting of the single sentence: "Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner is an old Etonian"? This would at once define the moral fulcrum of the prisoner; and the jury, knowing these fulcrums, knowing these morals, would convict without leaving the box. They would know that the prisoner belonged to a class that had morally exhausted itself and that, even if he had not a brother who rented a flour-mill, he was one of nature's criminals.

In England it used to be the custom to describe certain people as having been born of "poor but honest parents." Even in England, however, no one ever dared seriously to speak of a man as having been born of "rich but honest parents." Riches and honesty do not go together; the most brazen-bred nineteenth-century capitalist never pretended that they did. The truth is, in capitalist countries it is only the poor who are expected to be honest. One of the lawyers in the Moscow trial aptly quoted Lenin on this point. "When a worker steals a loaf of bread in a bourgeois country," said Lenin, "he is sent to prison for it; but when a rich man steals a railway he is appointed to the Senate." The young of the present generation may find it difficult to realise that railway-stealing was once almost as common a crime among the rich as bag-snatching is among the petty bourgeois to-day. A railway does not look an easy thing to steal: the ordinary safecracker's tools are useless for such an operation as this. The old-fashioned capitalist, however, whatever else he may be accused of cannot be accused of lack of brains. The more difficult a job was, the more he was keyed up to it. He tackled almost impossible tasks in the conviction that love of money will find out the way. Consequently he stole territories, mines, and all sorts of things on the same scale more easily than you or I would steal a motor-car. Railway stealing, however, was regarded as the rich man's supreme achievement. The man who could steal a railway was naturally considered so clever that he was called in to the service of the State. Those who are obsessed by ethical considerations may condemn the nineteenth century for this. But what have ethics to do with business or politics? The nineteenth century reverenced intellect, and, knowing that a man who stole a railway had done an infinitely cleverer thing than a man who had stolen only a loaf of bread, it quite logically rewarded the railway-stealer and sent the loaf-stealer to gaol for his stupidity.

I hope no one will think that I am defending the immorality of the rich. I am merely doing my best to point out that from the Machiavellian point of view there is something to be said for them. And in estimating their guilt it should always be remembered that many of them had not the advantage of having been brought up in an atmosphere of proletarian morality. Even one of the lawyers at the Moscow trial recognised the fact that a man who had not been brought up in true proletarian surroundings could not be expected to behave perfectly. MacDonald's counsel put forward the extenuating plea that the prisoner's lameness as a boy had prevented him from walking into working-class districts and so getting into touch with proletarian opinion. "Had his legs been sound," he declared, "then perhaps they would have taken him into a working-class district where he would have met with some other William of a more common type, he would have seen a corner of life different from his petty-bourgeois, middle-class, intellectual British family, an idea of which I believe you will get from Dickens's old novels, or from some other novels which depict the environment." Certainly those middle-class intellectual families which Dickens depicts—the Wellers, the Gargerys, the Sikeses, or even the Pecksniffs, the Nicklebys, or the Squeerses—were curiously walled in from proletarian truth and morality. Little fruit could be expected from soil so unsunned. It is all the more surprising, however, that MacDonald's counsel, while realising that much should be forgiven to anyone born in a middle-class intellectual English family, refused to extend a similar compassion to men who had been educated at Oxford or Cambridge. He even mentioned it as a point in MacDonald's favour that "he was not a representative of those families, members of which get their education at Oxford or Cambridge." Surely, in this terribly mixed world, pardon's the word for all. The old Oxford man may justly plead that it was not his fault that he went to Oxford, that he was brought up in a home that did not contain a copy of Karl Marx, that his mother was honestly convinced that the Ten Commandments were valid, and that it was his environment, not his will, that made him what he is.

It may be argued that, in looking for potential enemies of Communism, the Soviet lawyers are perfectly right to consider a man's social origins very seriously. I agree, but the Russian lawyers went beyond this. They spoke of corruption and immorality as though they were the marks of men such as had brothers who rented flour-mills. I am a firm believer in the immorality of men whose brothers rent flour-mills, but I am also a firm believer in the immorality of men whose brothers do not rent flour-mills. It is easy to be wicked on ten thousand a year; it is equally easy to be wicked on two pounds a week. Crimes are committed by men who have never been at Eton or Winchester. The last time I attended assizes, indeed, I do not think there was a single public school boy in the dock. I would like to be able to believe that we could get completely rid of crime by rounding up all the ex-public school boys and university men and putting them into concentration camps

for life. But I am too profoundly convinced a Calvinist to believe in the sinlessness of everybody who has never been at a public school or a university. I hope I am wrong, but was it an Oxford man who borrowed my car from a parking-place and left it in a side-street in Whitechapel? As I have said, I hope so, but I doubt it. Y. Y.

Correspondence

NATIONAL SELF-SUFFICIENCY

SIR,—How does Mr. Keynes reconcile his assertion that the international individualist system does not deliver the goods with the admission a few paragraphs further on that even to-day, in Great Britain at least, we enjoy a higher standard of life than at any previous period? Even so skilled a prophet as Mr. Keynes would, if vouchsafed a vision in 1914 of the incredible events of the next twenty years, have foretold that at the end of that time half the population of Europe would be dead and the other half in the gutter. So far from being confounded by the non-delivery of the goods, one is forced to the conclusion that the system is almost fool-proof and indeed regulated by an invisible hand. Even to-day an industrial nation has only to throw open its ports to enable the population to gorge itself like a boa-constrictor. (Incidentally, if it did it would be accused of unfair practices by the soft-headed doctrinaires whom Mr. Keynes tolerates.) At a time when the whole of Europe could enjoy white bread its fantastic statesmen, encouraged by their equally fantastic economic advisers, use every form of pressure to induce it to swallow *ersatz* compounds of resin and sawdust, and Mr. Keynes blames that on the international system.

There is a particular aspect of this question of self-sufficiency which is covered by the specious reservations of Mr. Keynes's last paragraphs and on which I venture to comment at the risk of seeming impertinence. I have been amused and disgusted at the cant of the intellectuals ever since 1914 when they consigned enemy goods to the bonfire, but exempted their own German pianos on the ground that art, culture, and the higher pursuits were above the battle. Mr. Keynes by standing, profession and, I venture to say, income will be exempt from most of the irksomeness imposed by a policy of autarchy. The whole world will still be the field for Mr. Keynes's activities. His student body will be international, his books will be on the free list, and no considerations of the balance of payments will prevent him from lecturing in Chicago and Leningrad. Similarly he will use his influence to secure the free importation of eminent foreign colleagues. I notice that 200 English workers have been kept twiddling their thumbs for a month while the Ministry of Labour makes up its mind whether the new Bata boot factory at Tilbury fits into a national plan. I wager that Mr. Keynes could get a whole foreign *corps de ballet* through the Ministry of Labour in a quarter of an hour. No, if we are to try homespun, *fiat experimentum in corpore nobili!* Let Cambridge administer its endowments and its superannuation funds on the basis of a zero rate of interest; let the high table at King's restrict itself to Empire wines and grow witty on Trinidad burgundy (*asphalte mousseux*). Meanwhile in the early stages of the nationalist policy we poor devils on the lower rungs pay 6*d*. for a lettuce in the early spring and, despite his attempts to disown them, Mr. Keynes, who stands in the great tradition of Adam Smith, aligns himself with the crass idiots who advocate the exclusion of foreign produce on the ground that the earlier ripening of fruits in lower latitudes constitutes unfair competition.

London, N.W. G. L. SCHWARTZ

SIR,—Mr. Kaldor, in criticising Mr. Keynes's first article on "National Self-sufficiency," has suggested that it is preposterous that a professional economist of such high international reputation should hold that, apart from certain environmental peculiarities, the advantages of international trade are in many cases so small that they can be sacrificed at no great loss. I can leave Mr. Keynes to speak for himself, but I should like to be allowed to suggest that the problem cannot be solved quite so easily as Mr. Kaldor would have us believe.

A full discussion of the advantages of specialisation and of large-scale production would require a volume. May I very briefly suggest to Mr. Kaldor that these advantages (apart from natural advantages) consist of: (*a*) economies from the expansion of an individual firm, (*b*) economies arising from the concentration of a number of firms producing a particular commodity in one locality, (*c*) economies arising from an increase in the output of a particular commodity within a national territory, (*d*) economies arising from an increase in the output of a particular commodity anywhere in the world, (*e*) economies arising from a general development of industry either in a particular locality, in a particular national territory, or in the world as a whole?

The amount of advantage from international trade (given Mr. Keynes's assumptions) will depend upon the extent to which it may be impossible for each of the trading countries to exhaust the advantages of specialisation of types (*a*), (*b*) and (*c*) within the market provided by the national area. Mr. Kaldor has informed us categorically that no possible national market can exhaust the relevant economies. "Given the size of the market there is a limit to the extent to which specialisation can profitably be carried and, consequently, to the extent to which these increasing returns can be realised. Anything which increases the size of the market will increase these economies." It is at this point that I should disagree with Mr. Kaldor. In a given stage of technical and of organising ability there is some upper limit to the minimum efficient unit of production. Let me quote but one instance. In discussing the prospects of Ford at Dagenham, the *Economist* estimated that the technical advantages of mass production in the motor industry were obtainable in terms of a single set of 100,000 units turned out.

Going beyond the boundary of the firm, there is obviously some upper limit also to the gains from increasing the number of firms in a given local area. Housing, factory sites, transport facilities, become so congested that diseconomies will exceed economies. The remaining economies from an even larger scale of output of the single commodity must be such as arise from the existence of a number of specialised localities either within the national territory or in the world as a whole. Such economies must essentially be mobile and independent of the locality of production. If these residual economies (for instance, the supply of cheaper and more efficient machinery to the industry throughout the world) are not interfered with by tariffs, it is largely a matter of indifference whether the additional specialised localities are within the particular national territory or not.

The problem then is whether the market in a particular country is large enough to exhaust the economies of types (*a*) and (*b*), and whether its politicians are sufficiently intelligent not to interfere with the flow of economies of type (*d*). The nearer are these economies to being exhausted, the less is the advantage to the country from adding foreign markets to its home markets. Obviously, the advantage here will depend first upon the point at which economies become exhausted or negligible, second, upon the size of the national market. Mr. Kaldor inquires whether there has been any recent invention that has had the effect of diminishing the advantages of specialisation. The answer, I think, is that during the last century two things have been happening. On the one hand, though the advantages of large-scale production have been increasing, in many cases, I think, the gains have to come to be derived more from mobile economies, dependent on the scale of production in the world as a whole, and less upon purely local economies, after the optimum size of the firm has been reached. On the other hand, both the size and the wealth of the population have been rapidly growing. The size of the national market has thus increased so greatly that for some products no considerable economy would be likely to be obtained from adding foreign markets and further increasing the scale of production. For other products I should agree with Mr. Kaldor that the gains from adding to the market and increasing the scale of production are greater, in some cases vastly greater, than they were in the past. The only possible question here is whether the loss is of such size that it cannot be outweighed by any counter-vailing advantages such as those which Mr. Keynes has been considering. But many of the important economies of large-scale production arise from an increased scale of certain basic industries or activities which can be secured without any complete standardisation of the final product, and are dependent rather on an increase of activity and production in general, granted a reasonable degree of specialisation, than on an increased output of one particular final product.

Finally, I should certainly hold that the amount of gain from international trade, and the loss from interrupting it, differ considerably from time to time and from place to place, that they are dependent upon the size and wealth of the country in question, and upon the current technique of production. I should not expect the amount of the damage from an interruption of inter-

national trade to be the same for the United States of America and for the Principality of Monaco. E. A. G. ROBINSON
Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge.

SIR,—The articles by Mr. J. M. Keynes on National Self Sufficiency in the last two numbers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will no doubt receive attention from his fellow-economists. To me as one of the rank and file of the Liberal Party they have been very interesting and have aroused me to seek light on the problem of the relation of the Socialist Party to Free Trade.

I think it will be generally admitted by Free Traders that the most suitable fiscal policy for any country must be decided by the politicians of that country and decided broadly on political grounds. The economic aspect of the problem though very important is not the only factor. But we shall never have clear thinking on this fiscal controversy unless the economic and the political factors are kept quite distinct and isolated in our discussions. There are two questions I should like to ask Mr. Keynes.

1. Am I right in gathering from his articles that in his opinion the strictly economic argument is in favour of Free Trade?

2. Would not a completely socialised State be logically compelled to be Free Trade?

Let me state the case as it presents itself to me.

A completely socialised State (such as Mr. Bernard Shaw envisages) would be one where the incomes of the citizens do not depend on their industrial utility, but merely on the fact of their citizenship. That is, a coal miner would receive the same income whether he was employed in getting coal or not. It seems to me that such a State would close down its mines if it could obtain all the coal it required from abroad on a more economic basis. And the miners would raise no objection to such closure because their incomes, divorced from industrial utility, would be unaffected, or rather would be increased when they received their share of the greater economic advantage secured by the State getting its coal from abroad. And similar considerations would apply to other industries such as iron and steel.

Such a case as I have stated, is, of course, far fetched; but Mr. Keynes will not object on that ground, and if he would indicate his opinion on this very hypothetical assumption I should be greatly obliged. J. W. DALE
Wallasey.

SIR,—Mr. Keynes is doing a dangerous thing, advocating economic nationalism. Of course, you can make out a good case for tariffs, quotas, etc., as an instrument of control and of protection for non-economic values; but that is not the whole story. Tariffs are an instrument too dangerous to be left in the hands of any national government. They are international in their incidence; they intensify frontier problems (which the recent revision controversy has made vivid for us); and they have a direct relationship to corruption.

Uncontrolled foreign lending on the scale required by a completely free world trade might, it is true, among undisarmed powers, endanger world peace. But the remedy to work for is *not* economic nationalism, which is a worse danger, but a system of national controls of investment co-ordinated internationally.

The only safe protectionism would be a protectionism under international control. (Proposals have been made by the Cuban delegation at the World Economic Conference.) The sensible policy for a Socialist party—meaning a party aiming at the public good—would be (*a*) to work for the success of a world economic conference in setting up a Permanent Economic Disarmament Commission with powers to supervise a world commercial policy; and (*b*), if that failed, Free Trade. JONATHAN GRIFFIN
65 Portland Place, W.1.

WAR, SADISM AND PACIFISM

SIR,—Mr. Gordon Hosking writes to say that I am not an authority on psycho-analysis, and charges me in particular with failing to understand the nature of instinct, and confusing sadism and masochism with the belligerent instincts. He is, of course, right in supposing that I am not an authority, but, as all the views to which he takes exception are the views of Dr. Glover and not myself, I fail to see why he takes the trouble to point it out.

I should have thought that my article made it sufficiently clear that I was expounding with the minimum of comment, except in the last paragraph where the change from exposition to commentary is clearly marked, the theories advanced by Dr. Glover. But, as I have noticed before, psycho-analysts live in such a condition of mutual belligerence—whether due to discharging of masochistic or of sadistic impulses only they can tell—that they are prepared to father views with which they disagree on to any and all comers in order to enjoy the fun of disagreeing with them.

Mr. Marshall takes me to task for not realising that Dr. Glover has offered the only remedy for war compatible with his premises. It is that the individual should learn to recognise his unconscious motives, and he accordingly bids me recognise mine. I for one should be delighted to oblige, if Mr. Marshall would tell me how to do it. My difficulty is simply that, if a motive is unconscious, I do not see how I can possibly recognise it. How does Mr. Marshall do these things? C. E. M. JOAD
4 East Heath Road, Hampstead, N.W.3.

STATELESS WOMEN

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Thurtle's statement in your issue of July 15th, that the opposition among the Dominions to the right of a woman to retain her nationality on marriage was "based on the Roman Catholic view that the wife should have no status in citizenship as distinct from that of her husband," I would call your attention to the League of Nations Document A.33.1932 V. This document presented to the 13th Assembly of the League is an International Petition of Catholic men and women from 23 countries, including Archbishops, Bishops, the Catholic Prime Minister of Australia, and other distinguished laymen, and demands that "a woman, whether married or unmarried, should have the same right as a man to retain or change her nationality."

I would further point out that of the five countries in which men and women have equal nationality rights, four—Argentine, Chile, Paraguay and Uruguay—are Catholic countries. Belgium, another Catholic country, has fairly advanced legislation on the subject, while at the time of the Codification Conference of International Law at the Hague, March 1930, a resolution demanding equality of rights in the matter of nationality was passed by a joint demonstration supported by several organisations of Catholic women, among them being Le Féminisme Chrétien de Belgique, Ligue Catholique pour le Suffrage des Femmes (Belgium), L'Alliance des Femmes Catholiques Lithuaniennes, and our own St. Joan's Social and Political Alliance. It was also supported by other organisations, of which Catholic women form a large proportion, such as the Union Française pour le Suffrage des Femmes, the National Council of Women of Ireland, and the Comité Ukrainien pour les Droits de la Femme.

Again, the official organ of the National Catholic Welfare Council, U.S.A. (itself representing the official Catholic body of the United States in April, 1931), approves an extension of the Cable Act of 1922, by which an American woman cannot lose her nationality on marriage without her consent, in the following words:—"This part of the Act (10,672 Cable) merely renders belated justice and equality to the American woman citizen by removing the last discrimination which existed in the statute relating to the citizenship and naturalisation of married women." The same paper in July, 1931, explicitly recognises the principle that the American-born woman should have equal rights with the American-born man.

I may add that our Alliance, in common with other women's organisations, is opposed to the British Nationality and Status of Aliens Bill as inadequate, and calls upon the Government to adopt instead the Nationality of Married Women Bill introduced into the House of Commons by Sir John Sandeman Allen on June 27th. This Bill recognises the married woman's right to her own independent nationality on equal terms with men.

B. BARCLAY CARTER,
Hon. Press Secretary.
St. Joan's Social and Political Alliance (Non-Party),
55 Berners Street, W.1.

HOSPITALS' INCOME

SIR,—In an article in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of July 8th, it was said that comparative figures for different kinds of hospitals were hard to find; and the figures to which the writer had had access had given the impression that voluntary hospitals got their income from insurance schemes, from their patients, all of whom were paying at present, and from charitable entertainments, and that they also received State grants.

The most recent figures collected by King Edward's Hospital Fund for London give rather a different picture. They show that while £1,139,000, or about 30 per cent. of the income of the London hospitals, comes from patients and their societies, a considerable number of patients make no payment at all; that the

income from voluntary sources comes to about 45 per cent., or £1,700,000, in addition to £700,000 for building or endowment; that this includes large sums from annual subscriptions, donations and legacies in addition to the amounts received from entertainments; and that no hospitals are in receipt of State grants, unless this term is intended to apply to the payments, amounting to about £260,000 a year, which they receive from public authorities for specific services in respect of patients for whom the authorities have some special responsibility, such as school children requiring medical treatment and persons suffering from tuberculosis.

King Edward's Hospital Fund for London — LUKE
10 Old Jewry, E.C.2. — H. A. WERNHER
Honorary Secretaries

PROTECTING THE SMALL INVESTOR

SIR,—Probably only a few of your readers noticed a question asked last Tuesday in the House of Commons by the M.P. for Shoreditch, drawing the attention of the Secretary to the Treasury to the Report issued by the chief Registrar of Friendly Societies upon the affairs of the United Women's Homes Association, and asking whether steps could be taken so to amend the Industrial and Provident Societies Act of 1893 as better to protect small investors in societies formed under that Act from similar exploitation in the future. More interest would doubtless have been aroused had it been realised that in the United Women's Homes Association and other interlocking societies thousands of small shareholders, a large number of whom are domestic workers, have lost the savings of a lifetime, and that such catastrophes are rendered possible by the present unsatisfactory state of the law.

The amendments suggested to the Industrial and Provident Societies Act—which could not be included within the limited scope of a Parliamentary question—are as follows: (1) Provision should be made restricting the investment of funds to Trustee Securities. (2) Provision should be made limiting the power of the company to appeal to the public for funds, to purposes approved by the Registrar, and the terms of any such appeal to the public should be approved by the Registrar. (3) The accounts should be audited by qualified accountants approved by the Registrar. (4) Particulars similar to particulars filed by companies under the Companies Act, 1929, should be available for inspection by members of the public, including particulars of mortgages. (5) No society should hold shares in any other society without the consent of the Registrar. (6) Proxies should be limited to those societies having a membership of under 500.

All who are interested in the protection of the small investor against exploitation should urge these important amendments upon the Government. — VERA BRITTAIN

19 Glebe Place, S.W.3.

BELMONT

SIR,—Miss Fulford has made out a case for residential training for the unemployed. She has not made out a case for the London Industrial Colony. If Belmont is to be described as a "social hospital," so is Pentonville. There, too, I suppose, "character is strengthened by routine, discipline and employment in a different environment."

Anybody who has served on a public assistance district subcommittee in London knows how the unemployed hate and fear Belmont. This was one of the chief points made by your contributor which Miss Fulford has not answered. That Belmont has its uses is not to be denied; in existing circumstances, there is something to be said for a policy of rounding up chronic unemployables for treatment, though whether the penalty of refusal to be treated at Belmont should be "voluntary" starvation is another matter. But the trouble is, first, that the type of man actually sent there is so frequently not the type of man for whom Belmont is intended, and that, so far as my own experience goes, the decision of the district sub-committee to "offer" a man residential training is generally a penal decision, designed to put down "shirking" and "slacking" among applicants for public assistance in general; secondly, that in numerous instances the men are kept there far too long, and with injurious effects in consequence.

When I saw Belmont a few months ago I met three men who had been there for over four years and about a dozen who had been there for more than two years. Among them were several with skilled jobs—fitters, lorry drivers, and so on. Much of the training that I saw was elementary or useless, while to say that the men attain proficiency in engineering or cooking and "take pride in their work" seems to me, if I may say so, nonsense. Prolonged residence in Belmont, particularly for young married men who have by no means lost their employability—I was once forced to consent to sending to Belmont a fitter who had not yet sold or pawned his own set of tools—is demoralising and humiliating in the extreme, though no doubt some members of the London County Council feel that, far from being a social hospital, Belmont is really a country club for the workless classes.

25 Denman Drive, N.W.11. — R. D. CHARQUES

POLICE BOMBING

SIR,—Modern methods of warfare are evidently providing us with a new form of unconscious humour. Air-Commodore Chamier seriously informs us that those whom he had bombed afterwards thanked him—presumably for the accuracy of his aim.

In Dublin during the rebellion, when bombs were being thrown about promiscuously, there were several cases of miscarriage as a result of shock to pregnant women in the streets. But the Irish, unlike the Afghans, failed to appreciate these little attentions to their womenkind.

There have been numerous smash and grab raids and many cases of brutal assault and even murder in England in the last few years in which—owing probably to the connivance of confederates—the police have been unable to find the perpetrators. But would this justify the bombing of adjacent villages, farmhouses and suburban streets? Presumably Air-Commodore Chamier thinks it would and that it would be humane and that the criticism of "stay-at-homes" would be unjustified. Yet it is doubtful whether a vote of thanks from anyone concerned would be forthcoming.

The "men on the spot," whether the "spot" happens to be in Waziristan or Essex, must always be judged on common-sense principles. In these days, when everyone travels, the legend that things are so different abroad that the ordinary principles of reason, justice, decency and humanity do not apply is no longer convincing. — ARTHUR OSBURN

20 Guilford Street, W.C.1.

Miscellany

THE CONFESSIONAL

IN the wide nave the wintry evening light was faint as gloom and in the shadows of the aisle it was like early night. There was no sound in the chapel but the wind blowing up from the river-valley or an occasional tiny noise when a brass socket in the candelabrum before the Virgin's grotto creaked under the great heat of a dying flame. To the three small boys crouched together in a bench in the farther aisle, holding each other's hands, listening timidly to the crying wind, staring wide-eyed at the candles, it seemed odd that in such a storm the bright flames never moved.

Suddenly the eldest of the three, a red-headed little ruffian, whispered loudly; but the other two, staring at the distant face of the statue, silenced him with a great hiss like a breaking wave. In another moment the lad in the centre, crouching down in fear and gripping the hand on each side of him, whispered so quietly that they barely heard: "She's moving."

For a second or two they did not even breathe. Then all three expelled a deep sigh of disappointment.

It was Monday afternoon, and every Monday as they had each heard tell over and over again in their homes, Father Hanafin spoke with the Blessed Virgin in the grotto. Some said she came late at night; some said in the early morning before the chapel was opened; some said it was at the time when the sun goes down, but until now nobody had dared to watch. To be sure Father Hanafin was not in the chapel now, but for all that the three little spies had come filled with high hope. The eldest spoke their bitter disappointment aloud.

"It's all my eye," he said angrily. The other two felt that what he said was true, but they pretended to be deeply shocked.

"That's an awful thing you said, Foxer," whispered the boy in the middle.

"Go away, you, Philpot!" said Foxer.

"God! I think it's a cause for confession, Foxer!" whispered Philpot again.

"It's a mortal sin, Foxer!" said the third, leaning over to say it.

"Don't you try to cod me, Cooney, or I'd burst yer jaw!" cried Foxer angrily. Philpot hushed them sternly and swiftly, but the spell was broken. They all leaned back in the bench.

Beside them was Father Hanafin's confession box, its worn purple curtain partly drawn back, his worn purple stole hanging on a crook on the wall inside, and as Foxer gazed into the box with curiosity the Adversary tempted him in his heart.

"Come on, Cooney!" he invited at last, "come on and I'll hear yer confession."

"Gor! Come on," said Cooney, rising.

"That's a sin," said Philpot, though secretly eager to sit in the priest's chair.

"You're an awful ould Aunt Mary!" jeered Foxer, whereupon all Philpot's scruples vanished and the three scrambled for the confessor's seat. But Foxer was there before either of them, and at once he swished the curtains together as he had seen Father Hanafin do, and put the long stole about his neck. It was so nice in there in the dark that he forgot his two penitents waiting beyond the closed grilles on either side, and he was putting imaginary snuff into his nostrils and flicking imaginary specks of snuff from his chest when Cooney's angry face appeared between the curtains.

"Are you going to hear me confession, Foxer, or are yeh not?" he cried in a rage, eager for his turn to be priest.

"Go back, my child," said Foxer crossly and he swished the curtains together again. Then, as if in spite, he leaned over to the opposite grille and slowly and solemnly he drew the slide and peered into the frightened eyes of Philpot.

"Tell me how long since your last confession, my child," he said gravely.

"Twenty years," whispered Philpot in awe.

"What have you done since then?" intoned Foxer sadly.

"I stole sweets, father. And I forgot my prayers. And I cursed, father."

"You cursed!" thundered Foxer. "What curse did you say?"

"I said that our master was an ould sod, father," murmured Philpot timidly.

"So he is, my child. Is there anything else?"

"No father."

"For your penance say two hundred and forty-nine rosaries, and four hundred and seventy Our Fathers, and three hundred and thirty-two Hail Marys. And now be a good obedient boy. And pray for me, won't you. Gawd bless you my child."

And with that Foxer drew the slide slowly before the small astonished face.

As he turned to the other side his hand fell on a little box—it was Father Hanafin's consolation during the long hours spent in that stuffy confessional listening to the sins and sorrows of his parishioners. Foxer's awkward fingers lifted the cover and the sweet scent rose powerfully through the darkness as he coaxed the loose snuff down from the cover. Then drawing the slide on Cooney, he gravely inhaled a pinch and leaned his ear to the cool iron of the grille.

Outside a footstep sounded on the marble floor and peering out Foxer saw the priest walk slowly up the farther aisle, turn and walk slowly down again, his breviary held high to the slanting radiance of the Virgin's altar.

"It's Father Hanafin," whispered Foxer to Cooney, and to Philpot—"Keep quiet or we're all ruined."

Up and down the solemn footsteps went, and high above their heads in the windows of the clerestory and along the lath and plaster of the roof the wind moaned and fingered the loose slates, and now and again they heard the priest murmur aloud the deep, open vowels of his prayer, Gaudiamus Domine, or Domine, Domine meo, in a long breathing sigh.

"He's talking to the Virgin," breathed Cooney to Foxer.

"He's talking to the Virgin," breathed Foxer in turn to Philpot.

"Amen," sighed the priest and went on his knees before the candles that shone steadily and were reflected brilliantly in the burnished brass.

The three spies had begun to peep from their hiding place when the snuff fell on Foxer's lap and the grains began to titillate his nose. In agony he held his mouth for a full minute and then burst into a furious sneeze. In astonishment the priest gazed about him and once again Foxer held his breath and once again he sneezed. At the third sneeze the priest gazed straight at the box.

"Come out!" he said in a loud voice. "Come out of that box!"

And as the three guilty forms crept from the three portals he commanded again, "Come here!"

Awkwardly they stumbled forward through the seats, trying to hide behind one another, pushing and upbraiding one another until they stood before him.

"What were you doing in there?" he asked Foxer.

"I was hearing their confession, father," trembled Foxer, and half-raised his arm as if to ward off a blow.

For a moment the priest glared at him and then he asked, "And what penance did you give?"

"I—I gave three hundred and thirty Hail Marys, father, and I think it was four hundred Our Fathers father, and two hundred and forty-nine rosaries, father."

"Well!" pronounced the priest in a solemn voice, "Go home and let each one of ye say that penance three times over before nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

Stumbling over one another's heels the three crept down the dark aisle and crushed out through the green baize door and into the falling night that was torn by the storm. The stars were bright and the street-lamps were lit and under one of these they halted and looked at each other, angry and crestfallen.

"Nine hundred and ninety Hail Marys!" wailed Philpot, and Cooney squared up to Foxer with clenched fists.

"Yerrah!" said Foxer. "It's all a cod!"

And he raced suddenly away to his supper followed by the shouts and feet of the other two.

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

THE BURNE-JONES CENTENARY EXHIBITION

TATE GALLERY

How pleasant it would be to love and admire Burne-Jones as he was loved and admired by the best of his contemporaries. The idea of Burne-Jones is beautiful to me; his paintings much less so. He set himself to express an ideal of grace and poetry, and he deliberately cultivated these qualities in his imagination by his way of life and his choice of friends. "His object," writes his assistant, Mr. T. M. Rooke, in the catalogue to this exhibition, "was not so much to become a painter as to express what could be signified by the art, to affect people's minds, wanting to go further than giving pleasure to the eye." A noble object, no doubt, but difficult at all times, and in the late nineteenth century almost impossible. Indeed, if we are to understand Burne-Jones we must put the great painters of the nineteenth century out of our minds, and think of the great poets, Tennyson in particular. There is a serious difference between them: Tennyson, being an English poet, was a master of his medium; he gave words their full sensuous value so that the music of his verse persuades us to accept his bloodless narrative. Burne-Jones could not or would not take a similar interest in his medium. To his Manichean aesthetic the sensuous music of line and colour was addressed to the eyes, not to the soul. Perhaps he never had a spontaneous feeling for colour; he was never, like Watts, a painter *malgré lui*. As a draughtsman he was so gifted that he could not help appealing to the eye, and such a study as No. 43 will hold its own with the best drawings of his French contemporaries. But Burne-Jones would not have wished to be judged by such standards. He must be a poet, or nothing.

The painter who attempts what in sixteenth-century Venice were known as "poesies" must have unusual intensity of imagination, and this imagination must take some visual form. The moment he feels aware of his subject he must see it as a certain pattern, which expresses or symbolises that subject with a greater vividness than he could achieve in words. Otherwise he must write. An example of this process is Blake's illustrations to the Book of Job. His first pencil sketches for these very finished engravings are no more than a few lines. But they contain the essence of the subject, and it is because Blake felt them immediately to be the only possible hieroglyphs of the subject that the engravings based on them remain works of art. Rossetti, as a young men, had this gift in a remarkable degree, and as long as Burne-Jones was directly influenced by Rossetti he was able to create "poesies" which are as convincing as Rossetti's; indeed they are sometimes better, for Burne-Jones was a much more skilful draughtsman and more interested in the craft of painting. Examples of this Rossettian phase in the present exhibition are the Clerk Saunders (4) and the Merlin and Nimue (31), both dated 1861, and the Idyll (87), for which the lovely drawing (43) is a study, and Fair Rosamund (37) both dated 1862. To my eye they are the most beautiful things there. The emotional tension of each scene is expressed by the design, and by the vivid glances of the figures. Thenceforward this intensity gradually wanes. Dramatic poesy is succeeded by a dream, and the best we can hope is that this dream will be sustained without falsity and self-consciousness.

What is wrong with Burne-Jones's dream? Why does it become depressing and monotonous? Primarily, I believe, because it is an evasion. His fame coincided with a period of immense material prosperity. Life was rich and rather vulgar, and educated people did not want art to be life-enhancing; rather they wanted art to be life-diminishing. Burne-Jones, in reaction against materialism, created an art of refinement. He escaped into a dream-world where everything full-blooded was refined away, even the intensity of his youth. By comparison Botticelli is often coarse and realistic: even Fra Filippo is a sensualist. Burne-Jones draws the nude again and again without the faintest hint of sensuality. The wonder is that Burne-Jones, with his knowledge of the past, did not see how closely the saints and gargoyles of mediaeval art were dependent on one another. No gargoyles, no saints. Spiritual power has deep physical foundations. I do not, of course, suppose that Burne-Jones was devoid of passion. But in order to realise his vision of a world purged of all ugliness, he had to cut himself in half. One half lived and drew extremely ribald caricatures; the other half painted wistful ladies and yearning knights. If only the two halves had been allowed to join! If only one jolly face, or one passionate face, or one unself-conscious animal face had been allowed into those later canvases, how much more easily we could share his dream. For Burne-Jones retained to the end an enchanting power of poetic invention, though with his gradual loss of intensity it ceased to be pictorial; and he was able to put his half-dreamed dreams into execution with a power of drawing and composition worthy of the Renaissance.

All these qualities make us accept such a composition as *Love Among the Ruins* (21), where the dream is sustained without effort and presented with great beauty of movement. But in some of the later works such as the *Fall of Lucifer* (2) there is no dream, only calculation; and in others, such as the *Vespertina Quies* (27), there is a false dream, presented with false simplicity. He was always successful when he drew children. Believing in their innocence, he did not try to refine on them, but allowed them to retain their original naughtiness; and it is extraordinary to see how this enlivens his vision. I wish the Committee had been able to show some of his drawings of little boys fighting or encouraging angry cats to fight. As it is there is nothing in the exhibition so close to the spirit of the Renaissance as the inside of Lady Horner's piano (3) with its riotous *putti* among the leaves.

KENNETH CLARK

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Jungle Music at the Holborn

When the curtain rose at the Holborn Empire on Duke Ellington, "Harlem's aristocrat of jazz," with his negro band rising tier on tier above him among the pale gleam of brass, crowned by the fluttering sticks of the drummer, the cockney audience was swept away by the tide of sound.

Duke Ellington has made an art form out of negro music, as Shankar has of the folk-dance of India. His jazz is complicated by all the refinements of modern orchestration; but this music, which is at once a challenge, an invocation and an exorcism, evokes the jungle, the heavy foliage, the night cries of preying or preyed-on beasts, the hovering spirits of the ancestors which must be propitiated, the darkness round the torch-lit spaces, the throbbing rhythm and wild zest of life. Once when the composer turned on his piano stool and sat brooding in the shadow of his soloists, a vague smile on his lips, one could have sworn his soul was back where no doubt his body has never been, in the square of an African village.

"Rhapsody in Taps," by Bailey and Derby, is a splendid syncopated dance-duet. More lovely still is the dance by Bessie Dudley, "the original snake hips girl," in a short golden, close-fitting, wide-sleeved bodice and exiguous gold pants. Her slim brown body, rippling, quivering, vibrating with life, expresses no individual emotion but a very ecstasy of rhythm—beauty in exuberance without a shade of violence.

Ivie Anderson sang "A Bundle of Blues" motionless against a pillar in a corner of the stage. Vociferous applause could only draw from her the loveliest and gravest bows.

How easily these artists can destroy the illusion we dwell in and entice us into another. How readily we followed when that long, long thrilling note of the clarinet—a shade flat—lured us back to the dangerous secrets of the jungle.

"Other People's Lives"

Mr. Milne at Wyndham's delivers a satirico-sentimental homily on the mischief which results when frivolous people in search of a new sensation decide upon good works, and use their less fortunate neighbours as material. He is very angry with the pretty fribbling Waites and Bellamys who wreck the decent, struggling Tilling ménage which occupies the floor below them—perhaps a little too angry. It was surely unfair to kill off Mrs. Tilling under a minor operation arranged for her by the altruists, and performed by the most fashionable surgeon of the day. This was merely bad luck, though the transportation of Miss Tilling to Canada, and the accidental destruction of Mr. Tilling's manuscript novel are both horribly natural consequences of the interference. But the real trouble with the play is the artificiality of the characterisation. The bright young people talk prodigiously in a vein of stilted facetiousness which fortunately rarely survives the first year of university life. The Tillings are caricatures, too simple, too sweet-natured, too humble—carefully drawn, but perfunctorily and superficially observed. Nevertheless, Mr. Milne strikes a shrewd blow at the pseudo-intellectuals by presenting their chatter, in the end, as a kind of defence against the discomforts of moral responsibility. The final curtain is really brilliant. The piece is very well played by Messrs. Maurice Evans and Harold Warrender as the twin insufferables; Miss Leonora Corbett, a charming compound of sincerity and weakness, and Mr. Lawrence Hanray, most touchingly human despite some awkward lines, as the hapless Tilling.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, July 21st—
National Rose Society's Show, New Horticultural Hall.
English Church Music Festival, Crystal Palace, 7.
Industrial Co-Partnership Assoc. Week-end Conference, Somerville College, Oxford, July 21-24.

SATURDAY, July 22nd—
Mimed Tales and Ballads, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

SUNDAY, July 23rd—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "Hitler and the New Germany," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, July 24th—
Malvern Festival of Drama, Malvern.
The Group Theatre in Songs, Dances and a Play, Croydon Repertory Theatre, 8.

TUESDAY, July 25th—
B.M.A. Annual Meeting, Dublin.
Poetry Festival, Oxford, July 25-28.

THURSDAY, July 27th—
Scottish Party Summer School, Perth, July 27-29.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THERE are many books which one has to read which choose themselves without the faintest effort of discrimination on one's own part. One's work, one's needs, one's social life and family duties make it inevitable that one should read a vast number of books such as *Thermo-electric Coefficients*, Baedeker's *Spain*, the novels of one's cocktail hostess, and one's landlord's monograph on *Comparative Studies of the Rod, the Pole and the Perch*. Such books force themselves on one and are hastily gutted; one shells the facts out of them like peas out of the pod, because they are immediately necessary. It is a very different matter selecting the book for your summer reading. It will be the constant companion of many happy hours, and it would be fatal if the sight of it should be distasteful, or its weight burdensome. When you come back dripping from a swim you will find it lying on the shingle beside the concentric circles of your telescopic trousers; when you wake from a sun-bath you will find it ready to your hand, unless, indeed, you have rolled it up in your shirt as a pillow. Therefore you must choose well a book that you know you will want to go on reading. A passing lust is not at all the right emotion—for in that case you will *read the book* which would be fatal to the serene happy and lasting relationship you contemplate. But, of course, a genuine inability to read it is far worse. You must know that you will finish it one day, since the holiday most needed is a holiday from hypocrisy.

* * *

However, your book should be one that will reflect a certain amount of credit on you. It must not only be a book that you do not mind being seen about with, but also one which can be used confidently as a shield from unwelcome interruption. Detective stories, for example, are quite unsuitable, since it would be fatal to your reputation, and not very flattering to the book's, if someone exclaimed: "Why, David, you've been carrying *Death by Request* about with you for the last five weeks!" And even the most solicitous of mothers would find it difficult to prevent visitors from disturbing you in the orchard on account of such a book. *Alice in Wonderland*, which is perhaps the best book to find at hand on every occasion, is unfortunately debarred for the same reason. It is no protection. Nobody will hesitate to send you off to buy a sirloin, and some new shuttlecocks in the nearest town, because you are known to be reading *Alice*. On the whole it is safest to choose a book with a rather impressive title.

* * *

Once you have definitely chosen your book you will know the pleasures that are reserved for virtue. There are few things more delightful than that moment, well after breakfast, when you pick up your book and possibly a block of writing-paper and wander away. Eyes are turned towards you as you are seen strolling off into the fields or the woods, but thanks to the volume in your hand you are perfectly safe. "There he goes, the dear fellow, *with his book*," the watchers murmur, dismissing you happily from their minds. Had you been without it, what suspicions and condemnation might not your movements have occasioned! Even if they had not called you and held you in conversation, they might have been saying to themselves: "Sneaking off to the pub. again," or something of that sort. Your book protects you from all that. It shields your reputation at the same time that it adds lustre to it. For some reason which I am thankful for, but have never understood, reading is a sign of respectability as well as of learning. It might so easily have been the reverse.

* * *

It behoves you, then, to choose this friend and companion who is so tender of your reputation with extreme care, and since I have had a certain amount of experience in the matter I shall give younger men the benefit of my advice at the beginning of the holiday season. The chief practical points are that it should not be either a valuable book or a short one. It is a great nuisance to have to take care of a book as an object, and you are sure to drop it into the sea even if there is no great danger of your leaving dirty finger-prints on the pages. The advantages of a long book are obvious, since you will not be expected to finish it and no one will have any excuse for trying to wrest it from you. It should not be too small. If it will go into your pocket it will readily find its way into somebody else's, and even if you do not lose it a lump sagging out of the side of the jacket feels nasty. And finally let it be a book with an appendix or two of notes in which you can look up and verify points mentioned in the text. That will add to the slowness and the cold-blooded enjoyment of your reading and will make you believe in its importance. Yet I am afraid that such practical advice is rather foolish. For the essence of the relationship between you and your book is love. You will carry the book about until you love everything in it, and take it for granted, long before you come to be astonished by the beauty on the page.

* * *

One carries it, of course, to all picnics and swimming and boating parties. On such occasions the man who has his book is always in a superior position. He is a sort of spiritual Cheshire Cat who can vanish whenever he likes, leaving nothing behind but a smile of benevolent goodwill, and then materialise again to put a question or to ask for a sandwich. It is not rude of him to have brought his book, and if he definitely lays it aside on the top of his coat, it is a compliment appreciated by the whole company. It is, of course, extraordinary to what places your book will have got, and how fond of its companionship you will have become after a few weeks. I found myself the other day carefully transferring mine from the driving seat of my car into the pigeon-hole for maps in the cockpit of the aeroplane in which I was going up alone. Naturally I was not going to read it, but I did not want to be separated from it and it was certainly safer always to keep it with me.

* * *

Now for the book itself. Permanent recommendations are: Gibbon, Shakespeare, *Arabia Deserta*, *Tristram Shandy*, *The Education of Henry Adams*, Flaubert's *Correspondence*. The most topical recommendation I can give is the early version of *The Prelude*, edited by Ernest de Selincourt (Oxford, 3*s*. 6*d*.). This has every possible recommendation, for not only is re-reading *The Prelude* a perfect occupation, but the interest of noting the alterations which Wordsworth made in the original text as the result of his changed religious and political opinions is very great indeed. Moreover, *The Prelude* is a poem which one enjoys most if it is read fairly slowly and out of doors. The environment in which you read them does not affect some books in the slightest. But the absence of great emotional tension in Wordsworth makes it necessary for the reader to pause often, and he is apt to look about him after a page or two. If he is in his study overlooking a London street in November he will go to the window, and bring back and incorporate into the poem very different emotional colours from those he will find if he read it on a mountain-top, or at night by an electric torch when he is sleeping out. *The Prelude* in this admirably interesting new form is "my book" at the present moment, and that is my excuse for not having written about it. So far I have only been carrying it about for two months as a dog carries a bone. It goes beside me down the roads, has gone into the air and has waited beside the river. But presently when I have a holiday I shall gnaw it quietly with the grave deliberation it deserves. But yet not too slowly: I will not wait for the autumn to read the nutting, or for the next hard frost in the fens to read about the skating. It would be easy to turn the poem into an almanac and make it last out a whole year.

DAVID GARNETT

THE OLD BRIGADE

The Social and Political Ideas of some Representative Thinkers of the Victorian Age. Edited by F. J. C. HEARNSHAW, M.A., LL.D. *Harrap.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

With this, the ninth volume, Professor Hearnshaw's ambitious and successful series, based on lectures given at King's College, comes to an end, having covered European thought from the Middle Ages to the dawn of the present century. In the earlier volumes the thinkers were described as "great." Now they are merely "representative," and the change of title is no accident. But representative of what? The word "Victorian" suggests England, and Dr. Gooch, in the introductory lecture on the period, clearly took it in that sense, for he gives us little more than a dry epitome of the outstanding events of English political and social history. And yet the subjects include de Tocqueville, Marx and Taine. It is not usual to think of Marx as a representative Victorian, and yet he has the strongest claim of all to a place in any biographical account of nineteenth-century European thought. But if the scope were truly European, Matthew Arnold would hardly be picked before Mazzini, nor Bagehot before Bakunin. However, the list makes no claim to be exhaustive, and if Bagehot had been excluded the volume would have lost two of its most interesting chapters, those by Mr. Driver, while Professor Dover Wilson makes more of Arnold than Mr. R. A. Jones can of the somewhat unpromising subject of Taine.

"The birth-rate rose by leaps and bounds during the first half of the century, and the death-rate was increased by the herding of the industrial armies in the slums." "Carlyle thought that wages should be proportioned to work—a sound economic view." These are not extracts from undergraduate examination papers; they occur in Dr. Gooch's introduction and Mr. Dower's chapter on Carlyle. The judgment of the former that Disraeli "gave us the best political novels ever written" would be as hard to sustain (unless "political" is given a very narrow meaning) as the view of the latter that Lytton Strachey held, like Carlyle, that "the history of the world is the biography of great men." There is a certain naiveté in both these writers that makes their contributions unsatisfying to an adult audience. Professor Hearnshaw writes entertainingly about Herbert Spencer, but he is so eager to laud Spencer the Individualist that he does less than justice to Spencer the Sociologist. No one is likely to feel quite certain what Professor de Montmorency really thinks about Sir Henry Maine.

Four authors achieve conspicuous success. Dr. Lindsay on T. H. Green and Professor Laski on de Tocqueville give the most polished performances. Their lectures must have been as good to hear as they are to read, and both bear the stamp of deep thought and balanced judgment. In each essay the theme is the dilemma of the essentially liberal mind. To the politician, concerned more with what happens than with what might happen, the dilemma becomes a tragedy. It is no use that he in his wisdom should escape, if society in its folly is inevitably impaled. Liberty appears to him as a brief state of unstable equilibrium through which society passes on its way from tyranny to tyranny or from tyranny to anarchy. *Democracy in America*, says Professor Laski, is "a pamphlet registering with sadness a defeat." He is pointing out Tocqueville's affinities to Burke. He classes him also with Lord Acton—a curious trio of aristocratic Liberals. "I could show you hills," said the Red Queen, "in comparison with which you'd call that a valley." There have been Liberals in comparison with whom I should call these Conservatives. But Professor Laski is perfectly right, and we must not allow political jargon to trick us into equating "liberal" with "progressive." This article is particularly to be recommended to those who find the author somewhat unpalatable in his more polemical moods. It will help them to appreciate the quality of a mind which does not put all its products on the market, like the manufacturer of tennis balls, "guaranteed uniform in weight and bounce." The essay on Green has a different flavour. To the philosopher the dilemma is less fatal. He is not, like the politician, the slave of time, and it is not imperative that his solution should be in a form that gives it immediate practical efficacy. The death of Socrates was more damaging to Athenian politics than to the Socratic philosophy. The more idealistic he is, the greater is, as it were, his freedom in manoeuvre. But Dr. Lindsay is anxious to defend Green from the charge of being an idealist in the derogatory sense of that word, and to illustrate his appreciation of practical issues, and he admits that, on certain fundamental points, "Green's teaching may seem indefinite and inconclusive." The dilemma peeps through. There is nothing to prevent us reaching the verdict—so uncongenial to the rational mind—that liberty and harmony are ideals which can be reconciled only by faith.

The essays of Mr. Gray on Karl Marx and of Mr. Driver on Bagehot and Social Psychology—he has written two—are less happy in form, but more substantial in content. It is impossible to give any account of pages so packed with matter at the end of a short review. Mr. Gray is anxious to dispel the false appearance of scientific unity which perfervid disciples have given to the teachings of Marx, and he brings much erudition and great critical ability to the task. The unity is in Marx's own intuitive ethical beliefs. His faith in Communism and in the unique efficacy of revolution "are examples of an apriorism which is the essence of idealism. No amount of superadded materialism can make Marx in this respect less of an idealist." Mr. Gray apologises for omitting any consideration of the economic doctrines. To make room for it he would have been obliged to curtail and, therefore, alter his method of treating the rest, and we should have lost an extremely valuable and penetrating analysis which he could not have undertaken in any shorter space. Mr. Driver, dealing not with a prophet who has received too much honour but with one who has received too little, adopts the role of exponent rather than critic. He traces with much discrimination the development of psychology in its application to politics and sociology from the seventeenth century to the twentieth. He shows how valuable was Bagehot's attempt to link the scientific analysis of the individual to the study of society at a time when the popularity of evolutionary theories threatened to breed a habit of picturing man as an animal with a "natural," but no "social," background. He has done a piece of work that should be helpful and stimulating to social thinkers of to-day.

There is one great man who is necessarily without a chapter of his own in this volume, but whose figure moves elusively through all its pages, and that is Charles Darwin. T. H. MARSHALL

A POET AND HIS BIOGRAPHER

Baudelaire. By ENID STARKIE. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Miss Starkie's life of Charles Baudelaire is as thorough and painstaking a piece of work as any book on the subject that has yet appeared. Several years, we are told, have gone to compiling it; no available source of information—the memoirs of his friends, the testimony of his own letters, the internal evidence of his verse—has been neglected by the poet's new biographer in her attempt to give us a comprehensive portrait. Long passages from his correspondence—and Baudelaire was one of the most eloquent, if also one of the most painful, of modern letter-writers—have been translated and embodied in the text. Miss Starkie appends supplementary portraits of many of the characters with whom Baudelaire came into contact—both the famous and the relatively obscure—and does her best to furnish a bird's-eye-view of the period. . . . Then why is her monograph strangely unsatisfying? It is not that the biographer lacks sympathy; nor can it be said that, where frankness of treatment is needed, as in the discussion of Baudelaire's sexual life, her fortitude proves unequal to the strain. Her standpoint is scholarly, but brisk and maternal—so much so, that a hint of patronage is apt to intrude.

She feels that he never did himself justice. Reading the authoress' discursive commentary, I was uncomfortably reminded from time to time of the relationship of an undergraduate and his tutor's wife. Baudelaire figures as the brilliant and naughty youth who lives behind drawn curtains, celebrates the Black Mass and drinks *crème de menthe* in the middle of the afternoon. Miss Starkie gently reproves his conduct. She refuses to believe that he is as wicked as he likes to pretend, or as unhappy, or as irreclaimable, or as perverse: what he needs is a little more air and exercise. She pays tribute to the qualities of his imagination, admits that he is very fascinating, if rather foolish, and says some sharp things about his behaviour to his elders and betters. . . Thus General Aupick receives his belated due. Hitherto the butt of writers on Baudelaire, as all his life he was the prime object of the poet's hatred, he is now resuscitated by the less prejudiced Miss Starkie in the shape of a much maligned and long-suffering man. Did he send Charles to a harsh and cheerless military school? That, no doubt, was because his sensitive ten-year-old stepson "was not developing into the real boy his stepfather would have liked to see." Alas, when high-minded martinets try to turn future poets into "real boys" the result is inclined to be somewhat

catastrophic. Similarly, when an impecunious and extravagant genius has his income doled out to him by a suburban lawyer, as Baudelaire's income was doled out by M. Ancelle, there is likely to be bitterness and discord. Miss Starkie, by informing us that "Baudelaire often addressed him in letters in a way no youth should address a man of Ancelle's years and position," merely ornaments the dilemma with a wreath of platitude.

Not that one grudges Miss Starkie her generous partisanship; the French ambassador at Constantinople was, by all accounts, an extremely honest man, and the mayor of Neuilly a pattern of civic virtue. But it is with Baudelaire and Baudelaire's genius that we are concerned; as long as she confines herself to the chronicle of facts, Miss Starkie is a dependable and hard-working guide, and only fails when she attempts to draw conclusions. Then the disadvantages of the attitude she has adopted begin to be felt. In dealing, for instance, with Baudelaire's so-called "blasphemous" poems, she prefers to regard them not as the products of that curious strain of perverted or inverted mysticism which plays so important a part in his spiritual development—blasphemy is an indirect tribute to God—but as the ebullitions of youthful arrogance and immaturity. "We believe," writes Miss Starkie, "that all the blasphemous poems were composed in the first period of Baudelaire's literary production . . . at an age when it is considered daring and amusing to blaspheme and to defy God-Almighty . . ."

This is to measure one of the greatest and most formidable of nineteenth-century poets by the same standards as are usually applied to versifiers who breathe out hell-fire on the banks of the Cherwell; and I cannot think that the effect is wholly felicitous. Miss Starkie's book might be considerably reduced in length, and considerably improved in critical texture, if she would allow her tragic narrative to speak for itself.

Baudelaire's tragedy cannot be simplified or disinfected. "Since early boyhood," Miss Starkie explains, he had "been prone to periods of great depression and pessimism. He thought, at first, that the life of pleasure and of frivolity would bring him satisfaction and joy. But he found that licence and revelling did not procure him the complete happiness he had expected, and he was too clear-sighted and too self-critical not to rate at its true value the life he was leading, even if he had chosen it himself." I am afraid that, neither on stylistic nor on personal grounds, would Baudelaire have appreciated this naive attempt to read into his life the conventional outlines of a rake's progress. His dissipations cannot be accounted for in a hackneyed phrase; never was there a man who expected less of what Miss Starkie, in a chapter entitled *The Awakening*, calls the "sumptuous life of pomp and glitter," or employed the artifices of debauchery with a more deliberate—indeed, masochistic—skill. It is beside the point to represent him as a cheerful profligate, revelling, on his modest income, in the Hotel Lauzun, and then add with unctuous emphasis: Came the dawn. . . .

He did not awake, because he had never lost consciousness. A serious flaw in Miss Starkie's presentation is her refusal to accept the well-founded theory that Baudelaire was intensely jealous of his hated stepfather. Some jealousy—of a very unalarming sort—there may have been, she is prepared to admit, when his mother remarried; but she will not allow that it was a determining factor in his lifelong unhappiness:

> Much nonsense has been written about the "Oedipus complex" with regard to Baudelaire, and about his sexual jealousy of his stepfather. . . . It is true that Charles' affection for his mother had an intensity unnatural in so young a child, which she, probably, had encouraged; it is very likely that he felt jealousy when he found that all the love and affection which hitherto he alone had enjoyed was now shared with a stranger. But there is nothing very abnormal or depraved about such a feeling.

The question whether such emotions, as experienced by a child, are, or are not, "abnormal" and "depraved" seems irrelevant to the purpose of the inquiry. Baudelaire loved his mother more tenderly and more ardently than he was to love any other human being. He has described himself the thrill of voluptuous pleasure which he derived from the scent of her furs; he has described, too, that "green paradise of infantine loves" which they shared with Mariette, "la servante au grande coeur," before the conquering advent of Captain Aupick. From that day, real happiness was at an end; between celestial and carnal love a disassociation had now set in that no effort or desire could ever remedy. Women whom he respected and adored, as he adored Madame Sabatier and the mysterious Madame Marie X . . ., it was impossible for him, morally and physically, to approach in love; while carnal love was represented by his mulatto mistress. From Aphrodite Pandemos to her heavenly counterpart, from miserable lust to sterile worship, he swung with helpless rapidity backwards and forwards.

Copious as her commentary is apt to be, this is a side of Baudelaire's character that Miss Starkie's book leaves unexplained. If I have dwelt at greater length on its defects than on its merits, it is because some warning seems to be due to those who have already studied the subject. They will find much to interest them in her biography; they will also find much that is extremely annoying. Its authoress has an extraordinary aptitude for the wrong, the unhappy, phrase. One hates to read, of the delightful Madame Sabatier, that "her eyes always sparkled with a naughty look," and to be informed that, when Baudelaire, aphasiac and paralysed, lay dying in his mother's arms, "she crooned over him and whispered sweet nothings in his ear." Incidentally, most authorities write "Degas" without the addition of an acute accent.

PETER QUENNELL

SHAKESPEARE'S PREDECESSORS

AN INTRODUCTION TO TUDOR DRAMA. By FREDERICK S. BOAS. *Oxford University Press.* 4s. 6d.

History has always been written, but never made, in watertight compartments. It is a grave mistake to draw a hard and fast line between sacred and profane drama. To assume that the primordial guild plays (commonly and uncomprehensively styled miracle plays) led simply into a blind alley, that they were no more than a false start and that evolution had to begin all over again is to ignore the stubborn conservatism of our people. By them the foundations were well and truly laid. Their cardinal principles held sway as long as the old platform stage lasted. From the guild play Elizabethan drama derived that curious epic quality which forms its distinguishing note. In Shakespeare's day and after a play, so far from being self-contained in the latter-day way, was a play and a commentary, a story leisurely told with occasional dramatic illustrations. Nor was that the sole heritage from the guild drama, which, it must be remembered, lingered on here and there for some little time after our secular drama had become fully organised and well established. There were many divagations into the comic in the old biblical plays, blunt expositions of a characteristic English humour so much to the liking of the people that they recurred obtrusively in the graver plays of Marlowe and Shakespeare. Moreover, the guild play was essentially chronicle history, and it established a taste for that particular genre which manifested itself with renewed gusto at the close of the sixteenth century. That taste still lies deep down in the national consciousness: witness the recent success of *Cavalcade* and *Richard of Bordeaux*.

What we require clearly to recognise, and what it is the merit of Dr. Boas's primer to enforce, is that the story of our early drama is not so much one of steady evolution as of piecing and patching. Such has always been the method of our progress: even our statutes have been accretive. With our genius for compromise, we never make a clean sweep of anything. To that great outflow which was Shakespeare there were many tributaries. From the civic pageant came the dumb show and its interpreter, from the morality and the interlude a liking for jolly inconsequent song, and, above all, that irresistible, irreconcilable being, so disruptive of any considered dramaturgic scheme, the clown. The new humanism contributed its quota, helping materially in introducing complexities of plot and providing a new thrill with the Senecan ghost, but it failed to render our drama shapely or to subdue the exuberance of our inherent romanticism. For that failure let us give hearty thanks to whatever gods there be.

With the belief that "in its essential spirit Tudor drama was secular," Dr. Boas begins his conspectus with a consideration of the interlude, raising his curtain on that notable little group of playwrights which Sir Thomas More gathered around him. Excellently planned and gracefully written, his compact manual is bound to supersede all its forerunners on the subject, if only because it comprises the results of recent research and knocks a good many old fallacies on the head. Uninfluenced by the more or less idle speculative tendencies of his times, Dr. Boas shows a magnificent restraint and indulges in no fanciful conjecture. We are given the truth in its quiddity. Feeling his foothold cautiously as he proceeds, he rarely stumbles. Only on one point do I feel disposed to break a friendly lance with him. Following Sir Edmund Chambers (usually a safe guide), he dates the govern

mental censorship of the stage from the provisions of the patent granted to Edmund Tilney, as Master of the Revels, in 1581, but he overlooks the fact that in the patent granted to the Earl of Leicester's players in 1574—notable as the first of its kind—there is a clause reading, "provided that the saide comedies, Tragadies, Enterludes and Stage-playes be by the Mr. of our Revells (for the tyme being) before seen and allowed." That proviso was surely something more than intelligent anticipation. Already in some way the Master of the Revels must have been endowed with powers of censorship. It is a pity, also, that Dr. Boas has not seen fit to point out that originally the term interlude implied a short play given between the courses of a feast, particularly as the earliest known play of the sort, *Fulgens and Lucres*, justifies that interpretation. Through broader application the term afterwards became meaningless, but there can be no doubt now about its early significance. W. J. LAWRENCE

THE POLYGAMOUS PROPHET

Joseph Smith. By JOHN H. EVANS. *Macmillan.* 21s.

In the library of the Church Historian's Office at Salt Lake City there are more than 20,000 volumes and 2,000 pamphlets about the Mormon prophet Joseph Smith. Another book will now be added to the collection in the biography by John Henry Evans, which has just been published by the Macmillan Co. of New York. But though the book will be added to the shelves, it is doubtful whether much has been added to our knowledge of the history of the Mormons, or the life of their founder.

The book, indeed, claims to be written without bias, and to be based only on proved facts; but throughout it ignores so much, and takes for granted so much, that its value as history is slight. As a human document, of course, it is fascinating, as all the records of prophets are; but the fascination lies well below the surface, for the book is neither well arranged nor well written, and suffers from many of the most exasperating tricks of pretentiousness.

It is almost a universal rule that the "literature" of strange religions is unreadable. Those who wish to delve into it must adopt a special reading technique, and brace themselves to endurance. Nothing will come to them straight, but they must school themselves to see meanings—or rather emotions—which are hidden under masses of verbiage, and to detect the romance which lurks behind perfectly threadbare phraseology. The thing can be done, and is splendidly rewarding; but it is a stiff exercise in translation.

Among the many new religions which rose and flourished in the United States in the early part of the nineteenth century, the one which Joseph Smith invented is perhaps the best known. Its sensational feature, polygamy, is no longer part of its doctrine, but the Book of Mormon is still a Bible to many thousands of people, and the State of Utah is its enduring monument. At this moment the Mormons maintain 2,000 missionaries in all parts of the world, and their Church organisation is vigorous and rich.

Mr. Evans, for all his claim to impartiality, believes that this success is due to the fact that Joseph Smith was divinely inspired, that Moses really appeared to him in a vision, and showed him where to find real material gold plates, and gave him an instrument with which to translate from them the actual history of the origin of the North American Indians. He believes that what Joseph taught was God's truth, and so of course bound to prevail.

It is more usual to believe that the success of the Mormons was due to the organising ability of the leader who succeeded Joseph, namely, Brigham Young; but whatever caused it, the success is genuine, and Mormonism by that fact differs from the hundreds of little cults which came into existence at the same period, only to die away in squalor and discord.

It would be instructive if someone who was really unbiased and competent could investigate the full reasons for the Mormon success. On the face of it there seems no obvious explanation. Joseph was an uneducated boy who saw visions. He wrote a new Book of the Bible, and set forth a body of doctrine almost exactly similar to that which other rural prophets were discovering. He believed (as they all did) in Baptism by immersion, and taught that it was wrong to drink and smoke, to eat much meat, or to "use" tea or coffee. He expounded a vague "cosmogony" which included life before birth, and he worked out an elaborate church hierarchy in which every man was a priest, but there were bishops, apostles, patriarchs, presidents, councillors and numerous other dignitaries. He also announced the imminent Second Coming, to be followed by the Millennium and the End of the World, and performed miracles.

There is nothing in this which differs materially from other contemporary movements, and the only striking doctrinal peculiarity of the Mormons was polygamy. Even this was not unknown to the other sects, for every one of them had some unconventional doctrine about sex, and most of them came to grief on account of it. But the others practised polygamy under various disguises—spiritual wives, counterparts and so forth, while the Mormons were plain spoken. Joseph Smith promulgated the doctrine in 1841, and himself had 27 wives by the time he was assassinated three years later, and there is no doubt that their openness was one of the chief reasons for the persecutions which they suffered. It is, however, just conceivable that it was also the cause of their ultimately triumphant history, only, unfortunately, the matter has never been fully explored.

Mr. Evans is disappointingly vague in all his references to the subject, and we shall not know what importance it really had until another—quite different—volume has been added to the shelves at Salt Lake City. The problem, however, remains genuinely interesting. It could illuminate not only the history of religious experiment, but also the social development of the United States, and those who care for such speculations could carry it much farther still. The institution of marriage is exceedingly vulnerable, and the Mormon experiment, dead though its polygamy is, could surely reveal something. RAY STRACHEY

TRANSLATING DANTE

Dante's Inferno. With a translation into English triple rhythm by LAURENCE BINYON. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

Dante's Inferno. A Version in the Spenserian stanza by GEORGE MUSGRAVE, with forty-four illustrations by JOHN D. BATTEN. *Oxford University Press.* 8s. 6d.

There is a sense in which Dante is the least national of great poets and therefore possibly the most comprehensible to the whole of the Western world. He wrote in the thirteenth century when Italian was not only very close to mediaeval Latin, but when all men of learning, all men of culture, were Europeans and members of one Church. Nationalism as we know it hardly existed, all parts of Europe shared the same culture and the same traditions, and scholars moved freely over England, Scotland, France, Italy, and that part of the Holy Roman Empire we know as Austria and Germany. In Dante's *Divine Comedy* there is no sense of locality. From the world—not from Italy—Dante descends into the Inferno, passes through Purgatory and ascends to Paradise. This absence of all local colour, nationality and primitive folk tradition makes the task of the translator easy. And it makes it hard. It makes it hard, for he is thrown back upon Dante himself in his absolute individuality, which is so powerful and of such integrity that it is like a chemical element not to be analysed or imitated.

The individuality or "character" of a poet nowhere shows itself more clearly than in rhythm. The work of a poet when he is young is often set in borrowed rhythms, but when he is mature, if he is a great poet, he will have his own personal unmistakable rhythm. The first care of a translator will have to be regard for this rhythm. If he translates into prose, then he has only to consider how to obtain a prose rhythm with the character of Dante's verse rhythm. This is not to be achieved merely by the intellect. It can only come through the keenness of his perception or reception of Dante's poetry. In so far as he is, with his whole being, *aware* of Dante's poetry he may render it again in his own tongue so that another reader may become aware of it. The majority of translators show by their translations that they have never been fully aware of Dante's poetry.

Let us take a well-known prose translation. First I will quote the first three lines of the original Italian for the benefit of those readers who understand it:

> Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
> Mi retrovai per una selva oscura
> Chè la diritta via era smarrita.

The most famous of our prose translations, that by John Carlyle, brother of Thomas Carlyle, renders the above lines as follows:

> In the middle of the journey of our life I came to myself in a dark wood where the straight way was lost.

One must admit that this is admirable. It has a good deal of the direct force and simplicity of the original, and, indeed, Carlyle's translation is the best to my knowledge of all the translations of the *Inferno*, for further than the *Inferno* he did not get. But Carlyle uses more words than Dante and the phrase "I came to myself" is a little weak. Perhaps for this reason Mr. T. S. Eliot, in his essay on Dante, translates these lines thus:

> In the middle of the journey of our life I found myself in a dark wood, having lost the straight path.

I do not think this an improvement. Trying for even more simplicity and directness has made it a little bald and flat. "I found myself" does not fully convey the meaning of *mi retrovai*, partly because the metaphorical meaning of "found myself" is not strong enough and partly because Mr. Eliot has not achieved a proper prose rhythm. His sentence has no satisfactory cadence and really breaks up into three lines:

> In the middle of the journey of our life
> I found myself in a dark wood
> having lost the straight path.

The last line has a rhythmically inconclusive ending quite unlike Dante's. Having now briefly exemplified the difficulties of translating Dante's verse into prose, let us examine these new verse translations.

To translate Dante's *terza rima* into a different form is a mistake, because it is perfectly suited to English poetry and Shelley has made it familiar in his *The Triumph of Life*, although his use of it is quite unlike Dante's. For example, you will not find in the whole of *The Triumph of Life* a single complete three-line stanza; they all run on and there is very rarely a full stop, in fact, there is not even a single two-stanza sentence to be found. But Dante rarely exceeds two stanzas to a sentence and single stanza sentences are most frequent. Here is the nearest thing to a complete sentence in two stanzas from Shelley:

> Phantoms diffused around; and some did fling
> Shadows of shadows, yet unlike themselves
> Behind them; some like eaglets on the wing
>
> Were lost in the white day; others like elves
> Danced in a thousand unimagined shapes
> Upon the sunny streams and grassy shelves;

Also, there are five beats in Shelley's line and only four in Dante's; other differences of rhythm are due to tone and thought. Mr. Laurence Binyon attempts to be wholly faithful to Dante; he says that he has "tried to communicate not only the sense of the words but something of Dante's tone, and of his rhythm, through which in great measure that tone is conveyed"; and here are his first three lines:

> Midway the journey of this life I was 'ware
> That I had strayed into a dark forest,
> And the right path appeared not anywhere.

That seems to me about as unlike Dante as it could be, given the preservation of the form and, to some extent, of the rhythm. These "poetical" words: "midway," "'ware," "strayed," are thoroughly inappropriate and, indeed, Mr. Binyon's work here is that of a cultivated man of letters rather than that of a poet.

Dante has a style that is quite unique in its acrid and forceful directness. The Spenserian stanza is wholly unsuitable, and George Musgrave's first three lines in his Spenserian version run:

> Half over the wayfaring of our life
> Since missed the right way, through a night-dark wood
> Struggling, I found myself. But O the strife . . .

The effect, as a whole, is even more ridiculously remote from Dante than those three lines taken above; but again, much literary skill has gone into the making of this version; poetry, however, does not derive from literary skill. Some time ago I was moved to try to understand more intimately the secret of Dante's style by translating some fragments of the *Divine Comedy* myself. After thus deriding the efforts of other translators I will now offer myself as a target. My first three lines are as follows:

> In the middle of our human journey
> I found myself in a dark forest
> Where I had lost the right turning.

By the occasional use of assonance—which Dante himself has recourse to—and by a severe directness, I believe Dante could be translated into English satisfactorily, but the task must be undertaken in something like the profound and grim mood in which Dante wrote.

W. J. TURNER

LYNCHING

The Tragedy of Lynching. By ARTHUR RAPER. *Oxford University Press.* 15s. 6d.

Between 1889 and 1930, 3,724 persons were lynched in the United States of America. The fact, or the problem, involved in the fact, is, according to the author of the introduction to this book, "of high national importance." Lynching he assumes to be a relapse to the law of the jungle, and he fears that with the jungle of human passions so very close to us, unless something be done about lynching, "ordered society" may "at any moment be overthrown by the blind passion of a potentially ever-present mob." In 1930 twenty-one persons were lynched. This number was an increase above the average of recent years, and it caused concern among many people in the Southern States, including the members of the Commission on Interracial Co-operation. The Commission determined, if possible, to get the facts about lynching and analyse them, as a preliminary to understanding the phenomenon and possibly curing it. A Commission was appointed to investigate the lynchings of 1930, and Dr. Raper was in charge of the research. The result is this book. It is of real value to the student of human communal psychology and its oscillations between barbarism and civilisation. The various cases of successful lynchings and several cases of unsuccessful attempts at lynching have been investigated pretty fully and intelligently, and the result is a collection of facts which is not elsewhere obtainable. It is a pity that the methods of inquiry adopted are not more fully described, and the presentation of the material might in certain respects have been improved. But in a large majority of the cases investigated we are given sufficient data for understanding the facts connected with the alleged crime, the antecedents of the alleged criminal, the formation of the lynching mob, the lynching itself, the attitude of the authorities towards the lynchers, and public opinion after the event.

Of the twenty-one persons lynched in 1930, twenty were negroes and one was a foreign-born white. All took place in the South except in one case, a double lynching at Marion, Indiana. The alleged crimes of the mobs' victims were: murder five; rape eight;

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attempted rape two; robbery or theft three; bombing a house one; against two of the victims no crime at all was alleged. The ritual of a lynching is well established, and though there are, of course, differences of detail on each occasion, there is a remarkable sameness about the procedure. A crime has been committed, or is alleged to have been committed, by a negro against a white. Suspicion falls upon a particular negro. A mob of unauthorised white men turns out to search for the accused, and the hunt is up. The mob is always absolutely certain of the guilt of the accused, particularly in rape cases. If he is caught by the mob, he will probably be lynched out of hand. If he is arrested by the sheriff or other authorities, the mob takes him by force out of their hands and lynches him or breaks into the gaol and lynches him. Lynchings vary from orderly executions at one end of the scale down to the most horrible sadistic outbursts at the other. For instance, at Ocilla, in Georgia, James Irwin, a negro, was hunted all night both by the authorities and by a mob on a charge of raping and murdering a sixteen-year-old white girl. He was captured by the sheriff. When the sheriff tried to get the accused away, the mob fired upon him and took the prisoner out of his hands. This is what followed:

> Irwin was tied to a tree with chains. The tortures began. Approximately a thousand people were present, including some women and children on the edge of the crowd. Members of the mob cut off his fingers and toes, joint by joint. Mob leaders carried them off as souvenirs. Next, his teeth were pulled out with wire pliers. Whenever he expressed pain or tried to evade the approaches of his sadistic avengers, he was jabbed in the mouth with a pointed pole. Because of their nature, the remaining mutilations and tortures will not be described. Suffice it to say that they were indecent and brutal beyond belief.

James Irwin was probably guilty of the act alleged against him, but in many cases there was no real evidence against the accused; in some it is almost certain that the mob's victim was innocent, and in others it is highly probable that no offence of any kind had been committed. In one case in Georgia a negro, seventy years old, was taken out of his house by a number of masked men and flogged to death, though nothing was alleged against him except that he was too active in politics and had angered the "lily white" Republicans.

A study of the cases investigated in this volume shows quite clearly the reasons why lynchings take place. In those parts of the South where it is endemic, the authorities take no active steps to prevent it, and there is no public opinion widely against it. When the sheriff uses his powers and police or troops resolutely to protect his prisoner, a lynching is nearly always prevented. Where a lynching takes place, the sheriff in nine case out of ten connives at it, or is in sympathy with the mob and shows it. Moreover, it should be mentioned that, even where an actual lynching does not take place, a legal lynching really follows, for the authorities frequently save an accused from the mob by, in fact, promising a rapid trial, conviction, and execution. The connivance of the authorities is also shown by the fact that lynchers are rarely prosecuted and practically never convicted. In the case of James Irwin, whose torture and mutilation are described above, the coroner's inquest "Found that the deceased came to his death by burning and gunshot wounds at the hands of parties unknown," and not one person out of the thousand present at the lynching was brought to trial. And public opinion was mainly on the side of the lynchers. One or two newspapers condemned it, but "no preacher, teacher, public official, or other individual—except the judge in his charge to the grand jury—voiced sentiment against the lynching. No organisation made any protest. While a few white people apologise for the lynching, the masses of white people frankly justify it." And the same attitude of authorities and public repeats itself in case after case described in this book. When the sheriff of Darien allowed a mob to lynch a negro in his prison cell, he said: "I don't know who killed the damn nigger and I don't care! I'm glad he's dead! I'm glad he's dead; I'd a liked to a killed him myself, damn nigger!" When a mob lynched a negro in South Carolina on an extremely doubtful charge of assaulting a white girl, Senator Cole L. Blease made a speech in which he said: "Whenever the Constitution comes between me and the virtue of the white women of South Carolina, I say to hell with the Constitution" (though it is only fair to South Carolina to say that she did not re-elect Col. Blease to the United States Senate). And when a mob chained a negro to a pole and burnt him to death in Maryville, Missouri, three white ministers of religion of the locality held that the mob was excusable under the circumstances.

The causes for the continuance of lynching are fear, racial feeling, sadism, and the almost universal passion for finding scapegoats. This kind of communal psychology used to be called barbarism and seemed to be dying out in many parts of the world during the nineteenth century. Recent years have shown that it is still very near the surface of life both in Europe and America. In Germany, for instance, we have been watching Herr Hitler and his Nazis indulge in it on the grand scale and call it "the rebirth of a nation" and civilisation. Those who desire to study this new style civilisation in its older and cruder forms should read Dr. Raper's book.

THE LATEST IN DETECTION

Amos Petrie's Puzzle. By J. V. TURNER. *Bles.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Body in the Silo. By RONALD A. KNOX. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Crime de Luxe. By ELIZABETH GILL. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Bull's Eye. By MILWARD KENNEDY. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Roof. By DAVID WHITELAW. *Bles.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Amos Petrie's Puzzle clicks with all the requirements of up-to-date tradition. The host, who, as might be expected, is rich, powerful and unprepossessing, disappears mysteriously during a week-end party at his Surrey mansion and several people have motives for laying out his corpse on the steps of the lily-pond. The indefatigable newshound pops up on the heels of the policemen, who are nicely contrasted—red-headed cheerful sergeant against gloomy inspector. The little lawyer-detective, Amos Petrie, has a nuance about him, with his coloured handkerchief and his fishing stories. (Watch the fish in the lily-pond, by the way, their behaviour is a clue.) But all this is mere raw material; corpse and characters can be taken for granted. The important thing is that the game of detection should be played according to the rules, fairly, ingeniously, and without irrelevant details. Mr. Turner gets almost full marks, unless the early visibility of the criminal disqualifies him. It is a relief, too, to get a conviction; this suicide-of-the-murderer stuff becomes mawkish.

The Body in the Silo is equally well written, less fair and more ingenious. The silo and the elopement game are new contributions, and much more reasoning is required of the solver than in *Amos Petrie's Puzzle*. There is a pleasantly satirical echo of the real world about this book—not enough, however, to arouse irrelevant emotion. Ill-bred readers who like galloping to conclusions may jib at the West Country scenery.

Crime de Luxe abandons the house-party for the liner. Some of the murders and intended murders are connected with a revolutionary scientific discovery; some are not. The detective, who is a portrait-painter, capitulates to one of those strong-minded young women who are always called Anne in fiction, and who invariably dance well; but the heroine who deserves to be remembered is a comforting old lady from Leicestershire, who drops stitches all over the boat.

Bull's Eye comes last. It is a bold departure from the usual but it lacks finish.

The Roof is strictly a thriller, not a detective story—and thrillers will need no bush until the Revolution—but as it starts invitingly with a body in blue and white-striped pyjamas discovered on a flat roof by a passing aeroplane, it may be called and let off with a caution. Authors really ought to avoid planting their crimes in areas minutely known to reviewers. We swallowed the cottage in Romney Marsh, the Norwood diamond thief, the abducted lady from Pendour Terrace, even the Scottish manservant and his tiresomely psychic mongrel; but we must protest, on oath if necessary, that there is no public call-box at the foot of Ormonde Terrace on Primrose Hill. Further, the ace is yet to be born who can make two perfect landings on the slope of the hill, larded as it is with trees and lamp-posts.

O. M.

SHORTER NOTICES

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only with one highly controversial subject. Mr. Maude reminds us that the woman who so successfully broke the great taboo has to her credit a body of original research in palaeobotany and the constitution of coal, and has further done useful service in interpreting the Japanese drama to English readers. A book of this kind would probably be more effective if it fell short of unqualified eulogy.

Soviet Economics: A Symposium. Edited by DR. GERHARD DOBBERT. *Lane.* 8s. 6d.

This collection of essays, newly translated from the German, has the unusual merit of being written entirely from first-hand experience, and experience, moreover, more enlightening and significant than that of even the most conscientious tourist. The authors, who include journalists and technicians of half a dozen different nationalities, and have all actually worked in Russia, vary both in their sympathy towards Soviet aspirations and methods and their estimate of their probable success; this is hardly surprising, seeing how admittedly uneven has been the progress of the Soviet economy in the different fields surveyed here. The general effect is one of doubt. Again and again, in the chapter on agriculture, industry, transport, foreign trade, the writers wonder, and the reader with them, whether the Soviets have not bitten off more than they can chew. The picture of a doctrinaire bureaucracy trying to keep the economic machine going by an avalanche of contradictory decrees, draconian primitive measures, and exhortations in the names of Marx and Lenin is a depressing one; and the "infantile paralysis" to which the Russians attribute so many of their ills presents—in these pages at least—far more of the symptoms of general paralysis of the insane. Certainly the mania of grandeur and the mania of persecution are well in evidence. But then, to quote the publishers: "These expert contributors, though writing as frankly and impartially as possible, are in effect pronouncing judgment on Soviet economics from the capitalist point of view." The Bolshevik naturally sees his own case differently. There is a topical discussion of "wreckers' trials."

Fairy-Tales. By KAREL and JOSEPH ČAPEK. *Allen and Unwin.* 5s.

A great deal can be written about fairy-tales by people who don't like them—but such a discussion resembles the remarks of dyspeptic grown-ups about cream-puffs and plum cake more than it does literary criticism. The proof of the pudding should be left to the young and by that standard the brothers Čapek here score a triumphant success. With regard to the first "Long tale about a cat," grown-up opinion agreed. The detectives are magnificent—but later a certain queasiness was apparent. But those grown-ups who do like these stories will like them tremendously, uproariously—just as they like Barrie's conceit that a fairy is born when a baby first laughs (or whatever it does do). The translation is lively but grates when read aloud.

King Edward VII: An Appreciation. By E. F. BENSON. *Longmans.* 15s.

Edwardian England: A.D. 1901–1910. Edited by F. J. C. HEARNSHAW. *Benn.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Benson's study of King Edward is a brilliant bit of illustration; a portrait in the manner of Sargent at his slickest and most agreeable, and such a portrait is probably the best that can be given us until a biographer arises who has all the facts at his disposal, is not hampered by contemporary loyalties and discretions, and is able to see the King's social and political environment in historical perspective. Neither Mr. Benson nor Dr. Hearnshaw minces matters with regard to the deplorable upbringing of the Prince. With a cleverly modulated raillery, Mr. Benson ridicules the Stockmar-Albert regime and is no less severe on the Queen's exclusion of the Prince from any proper apprenticeship to the craft of monarchy. The story of the years of the Prince's social emancipation—his political repression was never completely lifted till he came to the throne—is sympathetically and very discreetly told; and the King's relation to affairs, especially foreign affairs, during his brief reign is sketched with considerable skill. Mr. Benson believes that King Edward played a large part in shaping the foreign policies that led to the Entente, while the authors of *Edwardian England* believe that Edward the diplomat at large is but a legend. The main object, however, of the book—which is founded on lectures delivered at King's College by members of the staff and by the Dean of Exeter, Professor Abercrombie and Professor H. Levy—is to stress such social, literary and political features of the decade as smack of the time.

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Turning to the gear box, we shall naturally select the Wilson type for its ease of changing and facility in acceleration. Here we note a special system of lubrication. The box is oiled under pressure from the engine; but it cannot seize if the engine lubrication system fails, for the gear box is provided with an auxiliary oil pump of its own. We can therefore take the car down a ten mile pass in the Alps with the engine switched off in neutral, and continue to use one of the lower gears as a brake without incurring any risk to the bearings. The steering is well equipped with thrust and load bearings, lubricated by the single-shot system, so that it remains light at all speeds, and does not compel the owner to soil himself by attending to it in detail on tour. The rear axle can be dropped in the improbable event of trouble; it is driven by a propeller shaft enclosed in a torque tube, so that there is but one universal joint, which sustains the minimum of angularity and is automatically lubricated. This design is not cheap, but makes for contentment. The brakes demand no examination, as their design has been so thoroughly proved in racing experience. In the same stern school the suspension has passed all necessary tests. Steering column control of the shock absorbers allows the suspension to be adjusted for different types of road and various speed ranges, whilst the single-shot lubrication keeps the leaves properly oiled throughout the longest tour. The starter is directly coupled to the crankshaft, eliminating the horrible clash audible with geared starters. It is operated by batteries of abnormally high capacity; all cabling is armoured; and the junction box is accessibly located under the bonnet. Indicator arrows are fitted front and rear, together with the usual stop lamp astern. Moreover, the tail lamp is fitted with two bulbs, so that accidental trouble with the police after dark is unlikely. It can well be imagined that the road performances of a car exemplifying such meticulous attention to mechanical detail are completely satisfying in every conceivable respect.

I cannot say that I am enamoured of the standard Talbot coachwork. But then I am not enamoured of any maker's standard bodies, with the possible exception of those supplied by Rileys. It would not be fair to emphasis this personal discontent. Body outlines, after all, are largely a matter of personal taste; and a manufacturer is just as much entitled to his fads as are his customers, whilst he must consider cost in the layout of his complete cars. The Talbot standard bodies, like most of their rivals, impress me as undistinguished in outline; I dislike the "nick" in the tail of the 65 coupe; the "step" in the tail of the 75 saloon; the clash between the rounded tail and the slant windscreen of the 95 saloon. Fortunately for such faddists as myself, the Talbot is so popular that it always engages the special attention of private coachbuilders, and a rich variety of coachwork is obtainable from specialists on all these chassis. Moreover, the factory does not standardise any bodies for the 90 and 105 models, on which some charming special coachwork is easily obtainable. Vanden Plas, for example, stages some lovely open bodies on both these models, and his Ulster two-door coupe is a most graceful job, whilst the Offord "Brioni" coupe will appeal to buyers who relish something a little blunter and more robust in appearance than the Ulster. I may conclude with the warning that to most modern motorists, rendered "nesh" by much riding in saloons, the best open body may feel very cool and draughty on so fast a car as a Talbot 90 or 105. Enviable cars, all of them! R. E. DAVIDSON

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Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 30.—STRANGER THAN FICTION

There are only nine men in the village of Moth Eaton and each has a different vocation. Their names might have been chosen by drawing them out of a hat, for by some curious chance they are the same as the names of the vocations represented in the village. Stranger still, each of the men is married to the younger sister of one of the others. I found all this very confusing, and my confusion was increased when the barber, who is also the Registrar, attempted to explain the relationships to me. He told me, for example, that Mr. Smith's brother-in-law, the tailor, was married to Mr. Smith's sister's sister-in-law; that Mr. Tinker was his brother-in-law, but that his wife was not Mr. Tinker's sister nor was she Mr. Tinker's sister's sister-in-law, and that she was, in fact, the sister of Mr. Carter whose other brother-in-law, the smith, had recently married the sister of Mr. Barber. After this I listened with some relief to the more straightforward narrative of Mr. Wainwright who told me that the driver was the namesake of the vocation of the namesake of the vocation of Mr. Driver and that there was a similar connection between the barber and Mr. Barber, and I gladly accepted his invitation to act with him as joint referee at the duplicate bridge tournament which Mr. Cooper and the driver had organised, and at which his namesake's two brothers-in-law were to play against the tinker and the miller, and Mr. Carter's two brothers-in-law were to play against Mr. Miller and Mr. Cooper.

WHAT ARE THE VOCATIONS OF THE NINE MEN, AND WHAT WERE THE MAIDEN NAMES OF THEIR WIVES?

PROBLEM 28.—THE RATTLETRAP CUP

Here is the solution, as approved by my panel of experts:

There were 21 teams, and 60 goals scored; no two teams secured the same result. Hence the goals scored for and against must have been:

Team.	Goals.		Team.	Goals.	
	F.	A.		F.	A.
1	7	1	12	3	4
2	6	1	13	2	3
3	5	1	14	3	5
4	4	1	15	1	2
5	3	1	16	2	5
6	5	2	17	1	3
7	2	1	18	1	4
8	5	3	19	1	5
9	3	2	20	1	6
10	4	3	21	1	7
11	0	0			

Whence it follows that the Much Dribbling 1st XI, had three more goals been scored against them, would have finished the season 7—4; and the 2nd XI 4—7; making their respective places 7th and 15th.

Unfortunately we overlooked a flaw in this solution. The 2nd XI can only have won one match: hence they can only have lost one match; they must have been beaten 7—0 and this can only have been by the 1st XI. The conditions of the problem do not hold water.

Hence I shall award five points to solvers who gave the "dud" solution set out above; and ten points to those who have demonstrated its inadequacy.

PROBLEM 27.—FAMILY BRIDGE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to L. Zylberstein, 19 Seton Place, Edinburgh.

There were 90 correct and 12 incorrect solutions.

Seven points are awarded for this problem.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—No. 2

By TRINCULO

UPRIGHTS

We—slippered pantaloon, with chalk-smeared face—
Invoke herewith the goddess of the chase.

LIGHTS

1. To find a saintly fish one scarce can fail.
2. The friend of tragic Dane we top and tail.
3. This gentleman was "taken for a ride."
4. An I.O.U., returned, spell's Windsor's pride.

I will give a copy of my *Week-End Problems Book* to the first correct solution opened. Solutions must reach me by Tuesday week and must be addressed to *Trinculo*, c/o NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM-SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

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Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication. CALIBAN

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